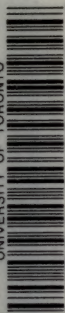


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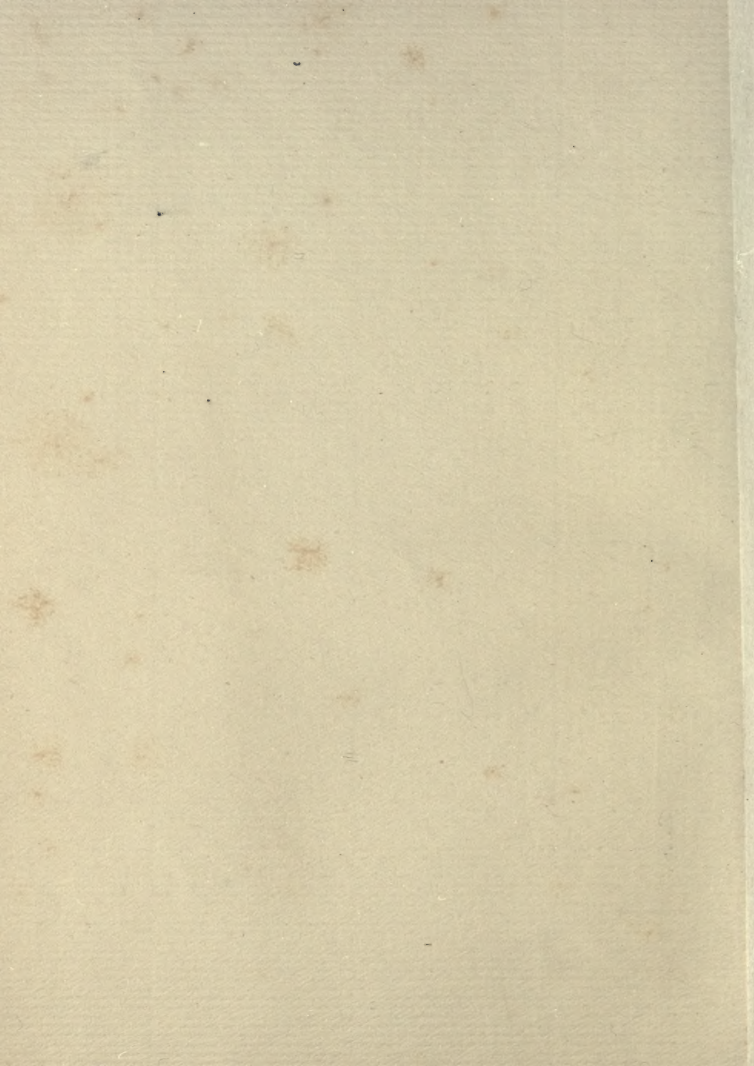
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Elvie Patton

W. J.





THE KING'S CLASSICS UNDER
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B. McM.

THE CAVALIER TO HIS LADY

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TO LUCASTA, GOING TO THE WARS.

THE CAVALIER TO HIS
LADY: LOVE-POEMS OF
THE XVIITH CENTURY
SELECTED BY FRANK
SIDGWICK

///

CHATTO AND WINDUS : PUBLISHERS
LONDON 1909

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IF YOU WILL SEE A PAGEANT TRULY PLAYED
BETWEEN THE PALE COMPLEXION OF TRUE LOVE
AND THE RED GLOW OF SCORN AND PROUD DISDAIN,
. . . I SHALL CONDUCT YOU.
—*As You Like It*, iii. 4.



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PREFACE

THE poems in this book have been chosen from the most gorgeous century of lyric-writing that we can boast—that period, often loosely termed “Elizabethan,” which in fact extends roughly from 1580 to 1680. It will be observed, however, that the greater number are either strictly Elizabethan or else Jacobean; a few Restoration writers like Sir Charles Sedley and (the only woman) Mrs. Behn are represented because a particular poem seemed good in itself or appropriate to the subject.

For every poem has been chosen with the title of this anthology in view. And if nowadays, when so many words exhibit a tendency to revert more nearly to their etymological signification, the term “Cavalier” should suggest the gallant a-horseback and call up a picture of Lovelace and his Althea, I must plead for a less strict interpretation, and would

be understood to imply rather the Italian *cavaliere-servente*—the devotee of love ; while admitting that such a meaning was not introduced until the days of Byron.

It is the gallant, too, who for the most part addresses his lady, rather than the lady her gallant ; a favourite exception is Sidney's " My true love hath my heart, and I have his "—a poem not only one of the earliest but also one of the best in this book. That this exception only proves the rule might indeed be anticipated, when all the singers (save the one mentioned above) are men.

So chosen, the poems have been arranged in six chapters, to make as it were a pageant of the lover's progress. First, the god of love is invoked, questioned, challenged ; the lover sings morning-songs to his lady, then pastorals and evening-songs beneath her lattice ; next he bursts full-throated into her praise in general and in particular. The description of a bevy of beauties follows ; he passes to a consideration of the pains and pleasures of love ; until the lady yields and his devotion is crowned. Yet even in his *epithalamia* can be detected the note of love's transitoriness ; to a long wooing succeeds " the short glory," and the lover bids a farewell to arms.

It will be seen that I have not gone far afield in my gleanings; most of the now famous "Elizabethan Lyrics" are here, and if I have omitted any such (as certain of Shakespeare's, for instance) it was for lack neither of due consideration nor of appreciation, but because they were adjudged either over-familiar, or outside my time-limit (however elastic and arbitrary), or otherwise inconvenient to my scheme. To many readers well acquainted with the majority of these poems, some, I think, will be new—such as Sedley's "Love still has something of the sea" and his "Phyllis is my only joy," wherein the first line of the one should captivate the fancy, and the first line of the other strike familiarly on the ear. At the worst I must put forward the anthologist's ultimate defence, that I put them in because I like them.

A lesser apology will, I hope, be required for Wither's sonnet, "Now gentle sleep hath closed up those eyes," despite its apparent derivation from the least translatable *carmen* of Catullus. To the end of Ben Jonson's "See the chariot at hand here of love," I have attached Suckling's parody, "Hast thou seen the down in the air," which possesses merits quite different from those of its original. A collocation of perhaps greater interest is that of Jonson's song,

“Drink to me only with thine eyes,” with an anonymous fragment which sings itself to the same matchless (and “masterless”) tune. This fact alone would scarcely warrant the juxtaposition; but when I find Mr. Bullen saying of the eight anonymous lines that “for neatness and elegance they are worthy of Ben Jonson,” I am emboldened to place them in honourable proximity to the two famous verses.

Indeed I feel, here as elsewhere in the golden realm of Elizabethan lyrics, that the testimony of the poet himself would with difficulty convince me that Mr. Bullen’s instinct on a point of this kind could be at fault.

I am reminded that, despite the special plea advanced above for the rights of personal taste, I cannot let this book go out without debiting what merits there may be in the selection to several years of friendship and constant association with A. H. Bullen, to whom for a quarter of a century English letters have been under steadily-increasing obligations. The preponderance in this book of poems by Campion (for instance) is by no means due only to my gratitude, literary and personal, to Campion’s discoverer; yet until I came to make my choice I realised neither how much such a selection must owe to Campion,

nor how much therefore its readers, in common with its compiler, owe to the fine discernment of Mr. Bullen. To him, then (while I must not shift the responsibility for faults in choosing), I dedicate with a pupil's diffidence my share in the work, in memory of hours when he has "tired the sun with talking" of Elizabethan verse, and in anticipation of the like pleasure oft-repeated in the future.

F. S.

2
I

THE MORNING OF LOVE

A

HAPLY I THINK ON THEE—AND THEN MY STATE
LIKE TO THE LARK AT BREAK OF DAY ARISING
FROM SULLEN EARTH, SINGS HYMNS AT HEAVEN'S GATE.
—*Sonnet xxix.*

COME hither, you that love, and hear me sing
Of joys still growing,
Green, fresh, and lusty as the pride of spring,
And ever blowing.
Come hither, youths that blush, and dare not know
What is desire ;
And old men, worse than you, that cannot blow
One spark of fire ;
And with the power of my enchanting song,
Boys shall be able men, and old men young.

Come hither, you that hope, and you that cry ;
Leave off complaining ;
Youth, strength, and beauty, that shall never die,
Are here remaining.
Come hither, fools, and blush you stay so long
From being blest ;

THE CAVALIER TO HIS LADY

And mad men, worse than you, that suffer wrong,
Yet seek no rest ;

And in an hour, with my enchanting song,
You shall be ever pleased, and young maids long.

J. Fletcher.

ALL ye that lovely lovers be
Pray you for me :

Lo here we come a-sowing, a-sowing,
And sow sweet fruits of love ;
In your sweet hearts well may it prove !

Lo here we come a-reaping, a-reaping,
To reap our harvest fruit !
And thus we pass the year so long,
And never be we mute.

G. Peele.

TELL me, dearest, what is love ?
'Tis a lightning from above ;
'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,
'Tis a boy they call Desire.
'Tis a grave
Gapes to have
Those poor fools that long to prove.

Tell me more, are women true ?
Yes, some are, and some as you.
Some are willing, some are strange,
Since you men first taught to change.

And till troth
Be in both,
All shall love, to love anew.

Tell me more yet, can they grieve ?
Yes, and sicken sore, but live,
And be wise, and delay,
When you men are wise as they.

Then I see,
Faith will be,
Never till they both believe.

J. Fletcher.

STEER hither, steer your wingèd pines,
All beaten mariners !
Here lie Love's undiscover'd mines,
A prey to passengers ;—
Perfumes far sweeter than the best
Which make the phoenix' urn and nest.
Fear not your ships,
Nor any to oppose you save our lips ;

But come on shore,
Where no joy dies till love hath gotten more.

For swelling waves, our panting breasts,
Where never storms arise,
Exchange, and be awhile our guests :

For stars gaze on our eyes.
The compass Love shall hourly sing,
And as he goes about the ring,
We will not miss
To tell each point he nameth with a kiss :

Then come on shore,
Where no joy dies till love hath gotten more.

W. Browne.

NOW what is Love, I pray thee, tell ?
It is that fountain and that well
Where pleasure and repentance dwell ;
It is perhaps the sauncing bell
That tolls all into heaven or hell :
And this is Love, as I hear tell.

Yet what is Love, I prithee, say ?
It is a work on holiday,
It is December matched with May,

When lusty bloods in fresh array
Hear ten months after of the play :
And this is Love, as I hear say.

Yet what is Love, good shepherd swain ?
It is a sunshine mixed with rain,
It is a toothache or like pain,
It is a game where none hath gain ;
The lass saith no, yet would full fain :
And this is Love, as I hear sain.

Yet, shepherd, what is Love, I pray ?
It is a yes, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of sporting fray,
It is a thing will soon away.
Then, nymphs, take vantage while ye may :
And this is Love, as I hear say.

Yet what is Love, good shepherd, show ?
A thing that creeps, it cannot go,
A prize that passeth to and fro,
A thing for one, a thing for moe,
And he that proves shall find it so ;
And, shepherd, this is Love, I trow.

Sir W. Raleigh (?).

LOVE is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing ;
A plant that with most cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.

Why so ?

More we enjoy it, more it dies ;
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries,—
Heigh ho !

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting ;
And Jove hath made it of a kind
Not well, nor full, nor fasting.

Why so ?

More we enjoy it, more it dies ;
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries,—
Heigh ho !

S. Daniel.

LOVE still has something of the sea
From whence his mother rose ;
No time his slaves from doubt can free
Nor give their thoughts repose.

They are becalmed in clearest days,
And in rough weather tost ;
They wither under cold delays
Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port ;
Then straight into the main
Some angry wind in cruel sport
The vessel drives again.

At first Disdain and Pride they fear,
Which if they chance to 'scape,
Rivals and Falsehood soon appear
In a more dreadful shape.

By such degrees to joy they come
And are so long withstood,
So slowly they receive the sum
It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain ;
And to defer a joy,
Believe me, gentle Celemenc,
Offends the wingèd boy.

10 THE CAVALIER TO HIS LADY

An hundred thousand oaths your fears
Perhaps would not remove ;
And if I gazed a thousand years
I could no deeper love.

Sir Charles Sedley.

LOVE in fantastic triumph sate
Whilst bleeding hearts around him flowed,
For whom fresh pains he did create
And strange tyrannic power he showed.
From thy bright eyes he took his fires,
Which round about in sport he hurled ;
But 'twas from mine he took desires,
Enough t' undo the amorous world.

For me he took his sighs and tears,
From thee his pride and cruelty ;
From me his languishments and fears,
And every killing dart from thee.
Thus thou and I the god have armed,
And set him up a deity ;
But my poor heart alone is harmed,
Whilst thine the victor is and free.

Aphra Behn.

THE lowest trees have tops, the ant her gall,
The fly her spleen, the little spark his heat ;
And slender hairs cast shadows, though but small,
And bees have stings, although they be not great ;
Seas have their source, and so have shallow springs ;
And love is love in beggars and in kings.

Where waters smoothest run, deep are the fords ;
The dial stirs, yet none perceives it move ;
The firmest faith is in the fewest words ;
The turtles cannot sing, and yet they love ;
True hearts have eyes and ears, no tongues to speak ;
They hear, and see, and sigh, and then they break !

Sir Edward Dyer (?).

SPRING, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant
king ;

Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in
a ring,

Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing—

Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,

12 THE CAVALIER TO HIS LADY

And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay—
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet—
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !
Spring, the sweet Spring !

T. Nashe.

WHEN daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh ! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year ;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh ! the sweet birds, O, how they sing !
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge ;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark that tirra-lirra chants,
With heigh ! with heigh ! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

W. Shakespeare.

THE earth, late choked with showers,
Is now array'd in green ;
Her bosom springs with flowers,
The air dissolves her teen,
The heavens laugh at her glory :
Yet bide I sad and sorry.

The woods are deckt with leaves,
And trees are clothèd gay,
And Flora, crown'd with sheaves,
With oaken boughs doth play :
Where I am clad in black,
The token of my wrack.

The birds upon the trees
Do sing with pleasant voices,
And chant in their degrees
Their loves and lucky choices :
When I, whilst they are singing,
With sighs mine arms am wringing.

The thrushes seek the shade,
And I my fatal grave ;
Their flight to heaven is made,

My walk on earth I have :
They free, I thrall ; they jolly,
I sad and pensive wholly.

T. Lodge.

BEAUTY sat bathing by a spring,
Where fairest shades did hide her ;
The winds blew calm, the birds did sing,
The cool streams ran beside her.
My wanton thoughts enticed mine eye
To see what was forbidden :
But better memory said Fie ;
So vain desire was chidden—
Hey nonny nonny O !
Hey nonny nonny !

Into a slumber then I fell,
And fond imagination
Seemèd to see, but could not tell,
Her feature or her fashion :
But even as babes in dreams do smile,
And sometimes fall a weeping,
So I awaked as wise that while
As when I feel a sleeping.

A. Munday.

NOW each creature joys the other,
Passing happy days and hours ;
One bird reports unto another
In the fall of silver showers ;
Whilst the Earth, our common mother,
Hath her bosom decked with flowers.

Whilst the greatest torch of heaven
With bright rays warms Flora's lap,
Making nights and days both even,
Cheering plants with fresher sap ;
My field of flowers quite bereaven,
Wants refresh of better hap.

Echo, daughter of the air,
Babbling guest of rocks and hills,
Knows the name of my fierce fair,
And sounds the accents of my ills.
Each thing pities my despair,
Whilst that she her lover kills.

Whilst that she—O cruel maid !—
Doth me and my true love despise,

My life's flourish is decayed,
 That depended on her eyes :
 But her will must be obeyed,—
 And well he ends, for love who dies.

S. Daniel.

O MISTRESS mine, where are you roaming ?
 O, stay and hear ! your true-love's coming,
 That can sing both high and low :
 Trip no further, pretty sweeting ;
 Journeys end in lovers meeting,
 Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love ? 'tis not hereafter ;
 Present mirth hath present laughter ;
 What's to come is still unsure :
 In delay there lies no plenty ;
 Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty !
 Youth's a stuff will not endure.

W. Shakespeare.

PLUCK the fruit and taste the pleasure,
 Youthful lordings, of delight ;
 Whilst occasion gives you seizure,
 Feed your fancies and your sight :

THE MORNING OF LOVE

17

After death, when you are gone,
Joy and pleasure is there none.

Here on earth no thing is stable,
Fortune's changes well are known ;
Whilst as youth doth then enable,
Let your seeds of joy be sown :
After death, when you are gone,
Joy and pleasure is there none.

Feast it freely with your lovers,
Blithe and wanton sports do fade,
Whilst that lovely Cupid hovers
Round about this lovely shade :
Sport it freely one to one,
After death is pleasure none.

Now the pleasant spring allureth,
And both place and time invites :
But, alas, what heart endureth
To disclaim his sweet delights ?
After death, when we are gone,
Joy and pleasure is there none.

T. Lodge.

GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying :
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry :
For having lost but once your prime
You may for ever tarry.

R. Herrick.

DEAR, do not your fair beauty wrong
In thinking still you are too young ;
The rose and lily in your cheek
Flourish, and no more ripening seek ;

Inflaming beams, shot from your eye,
Do show Love's midsummer is nigh ;
Your cherry lip, red, soft, and sweet,
Proclaims such fruit for taste is meet ;
Love is still young, a buxom boy,
And younglings are allowed to toy.

Then lose no time, for Love hath wings,
And flies away from aged things.

Thomas May.

ON a day—alack the day !—
Love, whose month was ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air :
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find ;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wished himself the heaven's breath.
“ Air,” quoth he, “ thy cheeks may blow ;
Air, would I might triumph so !
But, alas, my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet ;
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.

Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee ;
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were ;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love."

W. Shakespeare.

PACK, clouds, away, and welcome day !
With night we banish sorrow.
Sweet air, blow soft ; mount, lark, aloft
To give my Love good-morrow !
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow :
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale, sing ;
To give my Love good-morrow !
To give my Love good-morrow
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast,
Sing birds in every furrow,
And from each bill let music shrill
Give my fair Love good-morrow !
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cocksparrow,

You pretty elves, amongst yourselves
Sing my fair Love good-morrow ;
To give my Love good-morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow.

T. Heywood.

THE lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,
And climbing shakes his dewy wings.
He takes this window for the East,
And to implore your light he sings—
Awake, awake ! the morn will never rise
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes ;
But still the lover wonders what they are
Who look for day before his mistress wakes.
Awake, awake ! break thro' your veils of lawn ;
Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn !
Sir W. Davenant.

HARK, hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies ;

And winking marybuds begin
To ope their golden eyes :
With everything that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise :
Arise, arise !

W. Shakespeare.

PHŒBUS, arise !
And paint the sable skies
With azure, white, and red ;
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tithon's bed,
That she thy carriere may with roses spread ;
The nightingales thy coming each-where sing ;
Make an eternal spring !
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead ;
Spread forth thy golden hair
In larger locks than thou wast wont before,
And emperor like decore
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair :
Chase hence the ugly night
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.
—This is that happy morn,
That day, long-wishèd day
Of all my life so dark,
(If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn

And fates not hope betray),
Which, only white, deserves
A diamond for ever should it mark.
This is the morn should bring unto this grove
My Love, to hear and recompense my love.
Fair King, who all preserves,
But show thy blushing beams,
And thou two sweeter eyes
Shalt see that those which by Penèus' streams
Did once thy heart surprise.
Nay, suns, which shine as clear
As thou when two thou did to Rome appear.
Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise :
If that ye, winds, would hear
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,
Your stormy chiding stay ;
Let Zephyr only breathe,
And with her tresses play.
Kissing sometimes these purple ports of death.
—The winds all silent are,
And Phœbus in his chair
Ensaffroning sea and air
Makes vanish every star :
Night like a drunkard reels
Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming wheels :

24 THE CAVALIER TO HIS LADY

The fields with flowers are deck'd in every hue,
The clouds with Orient gold spangle their blue ;
Here is the pleasant place—
And everything, save Her, who all should grace.

W. Drummond.

II

PASTORALS AND SERENADES

FOR REVELS, DANCES, MASQUES, AND MERRY HOURS,
FORERUN FAIR LOVE, STREWING HER WAY WITH FLOWERS.
—*Love's Labour's Lost.*

GET up, get up for shame ! The blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air :
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew-bespangled herb and tree !

Each flower has wept and bow'd toward the east,
Above an hour since, yet you not drest ;

Nay ! not so much as out of bed ?
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns, 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation to keep in,

Whenas a thousand virgins on this day
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair :
Fear not ; the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you :

28 THE CAVALIER TO HIS LADY

Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some Orient pearls unwept.

Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night,
And Titan on the eastern hill

Retires himself, or else stands still

Till you come forth! Wash, dress, be brief in
praying :

Few beads are best when once we go a Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come ; and coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park,
Made green and trimm'd with trees ! see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch ! each porch, each door, ere this
An ark, a tabernacle is,

Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove,
As if here were those cooler shades of love.

Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see 't ?

Come, we'll abroad : and let's obey

The proclamation made for May,

And sin no more, as we have done, by staying.

But, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl this day
But is got up and gone to bring in May.

A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have dispatch'd their cakes and cream,
Before that we have left to dream :

And some have wept and woo'd, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth :

Many a green-gown has been given,
Many a kiss, both odd and even :
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament :

Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks pick'd : yet we're not a Maying.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time :

We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun.

And, as a vapour or a drop of rain,
Once lost, can ne'er be found again,
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,

30 THE CAVALIER TO HIS LADY

All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying.
R. Herrick.

IN the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day
Forth I walk'd by the woodside
Whenas May was in his pride ;
There I spied all alone,
Phyllida and Corydon.
Much ado there was, God wot !
He would love and she would not.
She said, never man was true ;
He said, none was false to you.
He said, he had loved her long ;
She said, Love should have no wrong.
Corydon would kiss her then ;
She said, maids must kiss no men
Till they did for good and all ;
Then she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness truth
Never loved a truer youth.

Thus with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
Such as silly shepherds use
When they will not Love abuse,
Love, which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded ;
And Phyllida, with garlands gay,
Was made the Lady of the May.

N. Breton.

AS it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring ;
Everything did banish moan
Save the Nightingale alone :
She, poor bird, as all forlorn
Leaned her breast up till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie ! now would she cry ;
Tereu, Tereu ! by and by ;

That to hear her so complain
Scarce I could from tears refrain ;
For her griefs so lively shown
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah ! thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,
None takes pity on thy pain :
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee :
King Pandion he is dead,
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead ;
All thy fellow birds do sing
Careless of thy sorrowing :
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.

R. Barnfield.

THIS day Dame Nature seemed in love ;
The lusty sap began to move ;
Fresh juice did stir th' embracing vines,
And birds had drawn their valentines ;
The jealous trout that low did lie
Rose at the well-dissembled fly ;
There stood my friend, with patient skill
Attending of his trembling quill.
Already were the eaves possess'd

With the swift pilgrim's daubed nest ;
The groves already did rejoice
In Philomel's triumphing voice ;
The showers were short, the weather mild,
The morning fresh, the evening smiled ;
Joan takes her neat-rubbed pail, and now
She trips to milk the sand-red cow ;
Where for some sturdy football swain
Joan strokes a syllabub or twain ;
The fields and gardens were beset
With tulip, crocus, violet ;
And now, though late, the modest rose
Did more than half a blush disclose ;
Thus all looked gay and full of cheer
To welcome the new-liveried year.

Sir H. Wotton.

FAIR Nymphs, sit ye here by me
On this flow'ry green ;
While we, this merry day, do see
Some things but seldom seen.
Shepherds all, now come, sit around
On yond chequered plain ;
While, from the woods, we hear resound
Some comfort for Love's pain.

Every bird sits on his bough
As brag as he that is the best ;
Then, sweet Love ! reveal how
Our minds may be at rest ;
Echo thus replied to me,
“ Sit under yonder beechen-tree ;
And there Love shall shew thee,
How all may be redrest.”

Hark ! Hark ! Hark, the Nightingale !
In her mourning lay,
She tells her story's woeful tale,
To warn ye, if she may,
“ Fair maids, take ye heed of Love,
It is a per'lous thing,
As Philomel herself did prove,
Abusèd by a King.
If Kings play false, believe no men
That make a seemly outward show,
But, caught once, beware then ;
For then begins your woe.
They will look babies in your eyes,
And speak so fair as fair may be ;
But trust them in no wise ;
Example take by me.”

“ Fie ! Fie ! ” said the Threstlecock,

“ You are much to blame,
For one man’s fault, all men to blot,
Impairing their good name.

Admit you were used amiss,

By that ungentle King ;
It follows not, that you, for this,

Should all men’s honours wring ;
There be good ; and there be bad ;
And some are false ; and some are true ;

As good choice is still had
Amongst us men, as you.

Women have faults as well as we ;
Some say, for our one, they have three ;
Then smite not ; nor bite not ;
When you as faulty be.”

“ Peace ! peace ! ” quoth Madge Howlet then,
Sitting out of sight,

“ For women are as good as men ;
And both are good alike.”

“ Not so ! ” said the little Wren,

“ Difference there may be,
The cock always commands the hen ;
Then men shall go for me.”

Then Robin Redbreast, stepping in,
Would needs take up this tedious strife ;
Protesting, " True loving
In either, lengthened life !
If I love you, and you love me ;
Can there be better harmony ?
Thus ending contending,
Love must the umpire be."

Fair Nymphs, Love must be your guide,
Chaste, unspotted Love ;
To such as do your thralls betide,
Resolved without remove.
Likewise, jolly Shepherd Swains,
If you do respect
The happy issue of your pains,
True Love must you direct.
You hear the birds contend for love ;
The bubbling springs do sing sweet love ;
The mountains and fountains
Do echo nought but love ;
Take hands, then, Nymphs and Shepherds all !
And to this river's music's fall,
Sing, " True Love and Chaste Love
Begins our Festival."

A. Munday.

WHILE that the sun with his beams hot
Scorchèd the fruits in vale and mountain,
Philon the shepherd, late forgot,
Sitting beside a crystal fountain
In the shadow of a green oak tree,
Upon his pipe this song play'd he :
Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love !
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love !
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

So long as I was in your sight
I was your heart, your soul, your treasure ;
And evermore you sobb'd and sigh'd
Burning in flames beyond all measure :
—Three days endured your love to me,
And it was lost in other three.
Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love !
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love !
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Another shepherd you did see,
To whom your heart was soon enchainèd ;
Full soon your love was leapt from me,
Full soon my place he had obtainèd.

38 THE CAVALIER TO HIS LADY

Soon came a third your love to win,
 And we were out and he was in.
 Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love !
 Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love !
 Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Sure you have made me passing glad
 That you your mind so soon removèd,
 Before that I the leisure had
 To choose you for my best belovèd :
 For all my love was pass'd and done
 Two days before it was begun.
 Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love !
 Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love !
 Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Anon.

ON a fair morning, as I came by the way,
 Met I with a merry maid in the merry month
 of May ;
 When a sweet love sings his lovely lay
 And every bird upon the bush bechirps it up so gay :
 With a heave and a ho ! with a heave and a ho !
 Thy wife shall be thy master, I trow.

Sing, care away, care away, let the world go !
Hey, lustily all in a row, all in a row,
Sing, care away, care away, let the world go !

Anon.

COME live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Or woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies ;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
Fair-linèd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

THE CAVALIER TO HIS LADY

A belt of straw and ivy-buds
With coral clasps and amber studs.
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my Love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my Love.

C. Marlowe.

IF all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy Love.

But Time drives flocks from field to fold ;
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold ;
And Philomel becometh dumb,
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward Winter reckoning yields :
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither—soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,—
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy Love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy Love.

Sir W. Raleigh.

AH, what is love ? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king ;
And sweeter too ;
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest love to frown.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

42 THE CAVALIER TO HIS LADY

His flocks are folded, he comes home at night,
As merry as a king in his delight ;

And merrier too ;

For kings bethink then what the state require,
Where shepherds careless carol by the fire :

Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curds as doth the king his meat ;

And blither too :

For kings have often fears when they do sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup :

Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

To bed he goes, as wanton then, I ween,
As is a king in dalliance with a queen ;

More wanton too ;

For kings have many griefs affects to move,
Where shepherds have no greater grief than love :

Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound
As doth a king upon his beds of down ;

More sounder too ;

For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill :

Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

Thus with his wife he spends the year, as blithe
As doth a king at every tide or sithe ;

And blither too ;

For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
When shepherds laugh and love upon the land :

Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

R. Greene.

IN time of yore when shepherds dwelt
Upon the mountain rocks,
And simple people never felt
The pain of lover's mocks ;
But little birds would carry tales
'Twixt Susan and her sweeting,

THE CAVALIER TO HIS LADY

And all the dainty nightingales
Did sing at lovers' meeting :
Then might you see what looks did pass
Where shepherds did assemble,
And where the life of true love was
When hearts could not dissemble.

Then *yea* and *nay* was thought an oath
And was not to be doubted,
And when it came to *faith* and *truth*
We were not to be flouted.
Then did they talk of curds and cream,
Of butter, cheese and milk ;
There was no speech of sunny beam
Nor of the golden silk.
Then for a gift a row of pins,
A purse, a pair of knives,
Was all the way that love begins ;
And so the shepherd wives.

But now we have so much ado,
And are so sore aggrieved,
That when we go about to woo
We cannot be believed ;
Such choice of jewels, rings and chains,

That may but favour move,
And such intolerable pains
Ere one can hit on love ;
That if I still shall bide this life
'Twixt love and deadly hate,
I will go learn the country life
Or leave the lover's state.

N. Breton.

A BLITHE and bonny country lass,
Heigh ho, the bonny lass !
Sat sighing on the tender grass,
And weeping said, " Will none come woo me ? "
A smicker boy, a lither swain,
Heigh ho, a smicker swain !
That in his love was wanton fain,
With smiling looks straight came unto her.

When as the wanton wench espied,
Heigh ho, when she espied !
The means to make herself a bride,
She simpered smooth like bonnybell :
The swain that saw her squint-eyed kind,
Heigh ho, squint-eyed kind !

46 THE CAVALIER TO HIS LADY

His arms about her body twined,
And "Fair lass, how fare ye, well?"

The country kit said, "Well forsooth,
Heigh ho, well forsooth!

But that I have a longing tooth,
A longing tooth that makes me cry."

"Alas!" said he, "what gars thy grief?
Heigh ho, what gars thy grief?"

"A wound," quoth she, "without relief:
I fear a maid that I shall die."

"If that be all," the shepherd said,
"Heigh ho," the shepherd said,

"I'll make thee wive it, gentle maid,
And so recure thy malady."

Hereon they kissed with many an oath,
Heigh ho, with many an oath,
And 'fore God Pan did plight their troth,
And to the church they hied them fast.

And God send every pretty peat,
Heigh ho, the pretty peat!

That fears to die of this conceit,
So kind a friend to help at last.

T. Lodge.

IT was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding ;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding ;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding ;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime

48 THE CAVALIER TO HIS LADY

In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding ;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

W. Shakespeare.

ON a hill there grows a flower,
Fair befall the dainty sweet !
By that flower there is a bower,
Where the heavenly Muses meet.

In that bower there is a chair,
Fringèd all about with gold ;
Where doth sit the fairest fair,
That did ever eye behold.

It is Phyllis fair and bright,
She that is the shepherds' joy ;
She that Venus did despite,
And did blind her little boy.

This is she, the wise, the rich,
And the world desires to see ;
This is *ipsa quæ* the which
There is none but only she.

Who would not this face admire ?
Who would not this saint adore ?
Who would not this sight desire,
Though he thought to see no more ?

O, fair eyes ! yet let me see,
One good look, and I am gone ;
Look on me, for I am he,
Thy poor silly Corydon.

Thou that art the shepherd's queen,
Look upon thy silly swain ;
By thy comfort have been seen
Dead men brought to life again.

N. Breton.

ON a time the amorous Silvy
Said to her shepherd, " Sweet, how do ye ?
Kiss me this once and then God be with ye,
My sweetest dear !
Kiss me this once and then God be with ye,
For now the morning draweth near."

With that, her fairest bosom showing,
Op'ning her lips, rich perfumes blowing,

50 THE CAVALIER TO HIS LADY

She said, " Now kiss me and be going,
My sweetest dear !
Kiss me this once and then be going,
For now the morning draweth near."

With that the shepherd waked from sleeping,
And spying where the day was peeping,
He said, " Now take my soul in keeping,
My sweetest dear !
Kiss me and take my soul in keeping,
Since I must go, now day is near."

Anon.

SHALL I come, sweet love, to thee
When the evening beams are set ?
Shall I not excluded be ?
Will you find no feignèd let ?
Let me not, for pity, more
Tell the long hours at your door.

Who can tell what thief or foe,
In the covert of the night,
For his prey will work my woe,
Or through wicked foul despite ?

So may I die unredrest
Ere my long love be possest.

But to let such dangers pass,
Which a lover's thoughts disdain,
'Tis enough in such a place
To attend love's joys in vain :
Do not mock me in thy bed,
While these cold nights freeze me dead.

T. Campion.

ONLY joy, now here you are,
Fit to hear and ease my care.
Let my whispering voice obtain
Sweet reward for sharpest pain.
Take me to thee, and thee to me !
“ *No, no, no, no, my Dear ! let be.* ”

Night hath closed all in her cloak,
Twinkling stars love thoughts provoke,
Danger hence, good care doth keep ;
Jealousy itself doth sleep.
Take me to thee, and thee to me !
“ *No, no, no, no, my Dear ! let be.* ”

Better place no wit can find,
Cupid's knot to loose or bind ;
These sweet flowers our fine bed too,
Us in their best language woo.
Take me to thee, and thee to me !
“ *No, no, no, no, my Dear ! let be.*”

This small light the moon bestows,
Serves thy beams but to disclose :
So to raise my hap more high,
Fear not else ! none can us spy.
Take me to thee, and thee to me !
“ *No, no, no, no, my Dear ! let be.*”

That you heard was but a mouse,
Dumb Sleep holdeth all the house :
Yet asleep, methinks they say
‘ Young fools, take time while you may ! ’
Take me to thee, and thee to me !
“ *No, no, no, no, my Dear ! let be.*”

Niggard time threats, if we miss
This large offer of our bliss ;
Long stay ere he grant the same,
Sweet ! then, while each thing doth frame,

Take me to thee, and thee to me !

"No, no, no, no, my Dear ! let be."

Your fair mother is abed,

Candles out, and curtains spread :

She thinks you do letters write.

Write ! but let me first indite

'Take me to thee, and thee to me !'

"No, no, no, no, my Dear ! let be."

Sweet ! alas, why strive you thus ?

Concord better fitteth us.

Leave to Mars the force of hands ;

Your power in your beauty stands.

Take thee to me, and me to thee !

"No, no, no, no, my Dear ! let be."

Woe to me ! and do you swear

Me to hate, but I forbear ?

Cursèd be my destinies all !

That brought me so high to fall.

Soon with my death I will please thee !

"No, no, no, no, my Dear ! let be."

Sir P. Sidney.

HARK, all you ladies that do sleep,
The fairy-queen Proserpina
Bids you awake and pity them that weep :
You may do in the dark
What the day doth forbid ;
Fear not the dogs that bark,
Night will have all hid.

But if you let your lovers moan,
The fairy-queen Proserpina
Will send abroad her fairies every one,
That shall pinch black and blue
Your white hands and fair arms
That did not kindly rue
Your paramours' harms.

In myrtle arbours on the downs
The fairy-queen Proserpina,
This night by moonshine leading merry rounds,
Holds a watch with sweet love,
Down the dale, up the hill ;
No plaints nor groans may move
Their holy vigil.

All you that will hold watch with love,
The fairy-queen Proserpina
Will make you fairer than Dione's dove ;

Roses red, lilies white
And the clear damask hue,
Shall on your cheeks alight :
Love will adorn you.

All you that love or loved before,
The fairy-queen Proserpina
Bids you increase that loving humour more :
They that have not fed
On delights amorous,
She vows that they shall lead
Apes in Avernus.

T. Champion.

NOW gentle sleep hath closèd up those eyes
Which waking kept my boldest thoughts in awe,
And free access unto that sweet lip lies,
From whence I long the rosy breath to draw ;
Methinks no wrong it were if I should steal
From those two melting rubies one poor kiss ;
None sees the theft that would the thief reveal,
Nor rob I her of aught which she can miss.
Nay, should I twenty kisses take away
There would be little sign I had done so ;
Why then should I this robbery delay ?

56 THE CAVALIER TO HIS LADY

Oh, she may wake, and therewith angry grow.
 Well, if she do, I'll back restore that one,
 And twenty hundred thousand more for loan.
G. Wither.

*WHO is it that, this dark night,
 Underneath my window plaineth ?*
 It is one who from thy sight
 Being, ah ! exiled, disdaineth
 Every other vulgar light.

*Why, alas, and are you he ?
 Be not yet those fancies changèd ?*
 Dear, when you find change in me,
 Though from me you be estrangèd,
 Let my change to ruin be.

*Well, in absence this will die :
 Leave to see, and leave to wonder.*
 Absence sure will help, if I
 Can learn how myself to sunder
 From what in my heart doth lie.

*But time will these thoughts remove ;
 Time doth work what no man knoweth.*

Time doth as the subject prove ;
With time still the affection groweth
In the faithful turtle dove.

*What if you new beauties see ?
Will not they stir new affection ?*
I will think they pictures be
(Image-like, of saints' perfection)
Poorly counterfeiting thee.

*But your reason's purest light
Bids you leave such minds to nourish.*
Dear, do reason no such spite !
Never doth thy beauty flourish
More than in my reason's sight.

*But the wrongs love bears, will make
Love at length leave undertaking.*
No, the more fools it do shake
In a ground of so firm making,
Deeper still they drive the stake.

*Peace ! I think that some give ear !
Come no more ! lest I get anger.*
Bliss ! I will my bliss forbear ;
Fearing, sweet, you to endanger !
But my soul shall harbour there.

Well, begone, begone I say !

Lest that Argus' eyes perceive you.

O unjust Fortune's sway,

Which can make me thus to leave you :

And from louts to run away.

Sir P. Sidney.

“O PEN the door ! Who's there within ?
The fairest of thy mother's kin ?

O come, come, come abroad

And hear the shrill birds sing,

The air with tunes that load.

It is too soon to go to rest,

The sun not midway yet to west,

The day doth miss thee

And will not part until it kiss thee.”

“Were I as fair as you pretend,

Yet to an unknown seld-seen friend

I dare not ope the door :

To hear the sweet birds sing

Oft proves a dangerous thing.

The sun may run his wonted race

And yet not gaze on my poor face ;

The day may miss me :

Therefore depart, you shall not kiss me.”

Anon

III

IN PRAISE OF THE LADY

O KNOW, SWEET LOVE, I ALWAYS WRITE OF YOU,
AND YOU AND LOVE ARE STILL MY ARGUMENT;
SO ALL MY BEST IS DRESSING OLD WORDS NEW,
SPENDING AGAIN WHAT IS ALREADY SPENT:

FOR AS THE SUN IS DAILY NEW AND OLD,
SO IS MY LOVE STILL TELLING WHAT IS TOLD.

—Sonnet lxxvi.

ASK me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose ;
For in your beauty's orient deep
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day ;
For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past ;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters and keeps warm her note

Ask me no more where those stars light
That downwards fall in dead of night ;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixèd become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
The Phoenix builds her spicy nest ;

For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

T. Carew.

IF I freely may discover
What would please me in my lover,
I would have her fair and witty,
Savouring more of court than city ;
A little proud, but full of pity ;
Light and humorous in her toying ;
Oft building hopes, and soon destroying ;
Long but sweet in the enjoying,
Neither too easy, nor too hard :
All extremes I would have barred.

She should be allowed her passions,
So they were but used as fashions ;
Sometimes froward, and then frowning,
Sometimes sickish, and then swowning,
Every fit with change still crowning.
Purely jealous I would have her ;
Then only constant when I crave her,
'Tis a virtue should not save her.
Thus, nor her delicates would cloy me,
Neither her peevishness annoy me.

B. Jonson.

W^HOE'ER she be—
That not impossible She
That shall command my heart and me :

Where'er she lie,
Locked up from mortal eye
In shady leaves of destiny :

Till that ripe birth
Of studied Fate stand forth,
And teach her fair steps to our earth :

Till that divine
Idea take a shrine
Of crystal flesh, through which to shine :

Meet you her, my wishes,
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be ye called my absent kisses.

I wish her Beauty,
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire, or glist'ring shoe tie :

Something more than
Taffeta or tissue can,
Or rampant feather, or rich fan.

64 THE CAVALIER TO HIS LADY

A Face, that's best
By its own beauty drest,
And can alone commend the rest :

A Face, made up
Out of no other shop
Than what Nature's white hand sets ope.

A Cheek, where youth
And blood, with pen of truth,
Write what the reader sweetly ru'th.

A Cheek, where grows
More than a morning rose,
Which to no box his being owes.

Lips, where all day
A lover's kiss may play,
Yet carry nothing thence away.

Looks, that oppress
Their richest tires, but dress
And clothe their simplest nakedness.

Eyes, that displace
The neighbour diamond, and outface
That sunshine by their own sweet grace.

Tresses, that wear
Jewels but to declare
How much themselves more precious are :

Whose native ray
Can tame the wanton day
Of gems that in their bright shades play.

Each ruby there,
Or pearl that dare appear,
Be its own blush, be its own tear.

A well-tamed Heart,
For whose more noble smart
Love may be long choosing a dart.

Eyes, that bestow
Full quivers on love's bow,
Yet pay less arrows than they owe.

Smiles, that can warm
The blood, yet teach a charm,
That chastity shall take no harm.

Blushes, that bin
The burnish of no sin,
Nor flames of aught too hot within.

Joys, that confess
Virtue their mistress,
And have no other head to dress.

Fears, fond and slight
As the coy bride's, when night
First does the longing lover right.

Days that need borrow
No part of their good morrow,
From a fore-spent night of sorrow :

Days that in spite
Of darkness, by the light
Of a clear mind are day all night.

Nights, sweet as they,
Made short by lovers' play,
Yet long by the absence of the day.

Life that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes, say, " Welcome, friend ! "

Sidneian showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers.

Soft silken hours,
Open suns, shady bowers ;
'Bove all, nothing within that lowers.

Whate'er delight
Can make Day's forehead bright,
Or give down to the wings of Night.

I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wishes ; and I wish—no more.

Now, if Time knows
That Her, whose radiant brows
Weave them a garland of my vows ;

Her, whose just bays
My future hopes can raise,
A trophy to her present praise ;

Her, that dares be
What these lines wish to see ;
I seek no further, it is She.

'Tis She, and here,
Lo ! I unclothe and clear
My wishes' cloudy character.

May she enjoy it
Whose merit dare apply it,
But modesty dares still deny it !

Such worth as this is
Shall fix my dying wishes,
And determine them to kisses.

Let her full glory,
My fancies, fly before ye ;
Be ye my fictions—but her story.

R. Crashaw.

BEAUTY clear and fair,
Where the air
Rather like a perfume dwells ;
Where the violet and the rose
Their blue veins and blush disclose,
And come to honour nothing else :

Where to live near
And planted there
Is to live, and still live new ;
Where to gain a favour is
More than life, perpetual bliss,—
Make me live by serving you !

Dear, again back recall
To this light,
A stranger to himself and all !
Both the wonder and the story
Shall be yours, and eke the glory ;
I am your servant, and your thrall.

J. Fletcher.

MY Lady's presence makes the Roses red,
Because to see her lips they blush for shame.
The Lily's leaves, for envy, pale became
For her white hands in them this envy bred.
The Marigold the leaves abroad doth spread,
Because the sun's and her power is the same.
The Violet of purple colour came,
Dyed in the blood she made my heart to shed.
In brief all flowers from her their virtue take ;
From her sweet breath, their sweet smells do proceed ;
The living heat which her eyebeams doth make
Warmeth the ground, and quickeneth the seed.
The rain, wherewith she watereth the flowers,
Falls from mine eyes, which she dissolves in showers.

H. Constable.

WE saw and woo'd each other's eyes,
My soul contracted then with thine,
And both burnt in one sacrifice,
By which our marriage grew divine.

Let wilder youths, whose soul is sense,
Profane the temple of delight,
And purchase endless penitence,
With the stol'n pleasure of one night.

Time's ever ours, while we despise
The sensual idol of our clay,
For though the sun do set and rise,
We joy one everlasting day.

Whose light no jealous clouds obscure,
While each of us shine innocent,
The troubled stream is still impure ;
With virtue flies away content.

And though opinions often err,
We'll court the modest smile of fame,
For sin's black danger circles her,
Who hath infection in her name.

Thus when to one dark silent room
Death shall our loving coffins thrust :
Fame will build columns on our tomb,
And add a perfume to our dust.

W. Habington.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine ;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be ;
But thou thereon didst only breathe
And sent'st it back to me ;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

B. Jonson.

THOU sent'st to me a heart was sound,
I took it to be thine :
But when I saw it had a wound,
I knew that heart was mine.
A bounty of a strange conceit,
To send mine own to me,
And send it in a worse estate
Than when it came to thee.

Anon.

FAIR is my love for April's in her face :
Her lovely breasts September claims his part,
And lordly July in her eyes takes place,
But cold December dwelleth in her heart ;
Blest be the months that set my thoughts on fire,
Accurst that month that hindereth my desire.

Like Phœbus' fire, so sparkle both her eyes,
As air perfumed with amber is her breath,
Like swelling waves, her lovely breasts do rise,
As earth her heart, cold, dateth me to death :
Aye me, poor man, that on the earth do live,
When unkind earth, death and despair doth give !

In pomp sits mercy seated in her face,
Love 'twixt her breasts his trophies doth imprint,
Her eyes shine favour, courtesy, and grace,
But touch her heart—ah that is framed of flint !
Therefore my harvest in the grass bears grain ;
The rock will wear, washed with a winter's rain.

R. Greene.

O FAIR sweet face ! O eyes celestial bright,
Twin stars in heaven, that now adorn the night !
O fruitful lips where cherries ever grow,
And damask cheeks where all sweet beauties blow !
O thou from head to foot divinely fair !
Cupid's most cunning net's made of that hair,
And as he weaves himself for curious eyes,
" O me, O me, I'm caught myself ! " he cries.
Sweet rest about thee, sweet and golden sleep.
Soft peaceful thoughts, your hourly watches keep ;
Whilst I in wonder sing this sacrifice
To beauty sacred and those angel eyes.

John Fletcher.

I SAW my Lady weep,
And Sorrow proud to be avancèd so
In those fair eyes where all perfections keep.
Her face was full of woe :

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But such a woe, believe me, as wins more hearts
Than Mirth can do with her enticing parts.

Sorrow was there made fair,
And Passion wise ; Tears a delightful thing ;
Silence beyond all speech, a wisdom rare ;
She made her sighs to sing,
And all things with so sweet a sadness move
As made my heart at once both grieve and love.

O fairer than aught else
The world can show, leave off in time to grieve !
Enough, enough : your joyful look excels ;
Tears kill the heart, believe.
O strive not to be excellent in woe,
Which only breeds your beauty's overthrow.

Anon.

LADY, when I behold the roses sprouting,
Which clad in damask mantles deck the arbours,
And then behold your lips where sweet love harbours,
My eyes present me with a double doubting :
For viewing both alike, hardly my mind supposes
Whether the roses be your lips, or your lips the roses.

Anon.

O THAT joy so soon should waste !
Or so sweet a bliss
As a kiss

Might not for ever last !

So sugared, so melting, so soft, so delicious,
The dew that lies on roses,
When the morn herself discloses,
Is not so precious.

O, rather than it would I smother,
Were I to taste such another ;
It should be my wishing
That I might die kissing.

B. Jonson.

LOVE guards the roses of thy lips
And flies about them like a bee ;
If I approach he forward skips,
And if I kiss he stingeth me.

Love in thine eyes doth build his tower,
And sleeps within his pretty shrine ;
And if I look the boy will lower,
And from their orbs shoot shafts divine.

Love works thy heart within his fire,
And in my tears doth firm the same ;
And if I tempt it will retire,
And of my plaints doth make a game.

Love, let me cull her choicest flowers ;
And pity me, and calm her eye ;
Make soft her heart, dissolve her lowers ;
Then will I praise thy deity.

But if thou do not, Love, I'll truly serve her
In spite of thee, and by firm faith deserve her.
T. Lodge.

CHERRY-RIPE, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones ; come and buy !
If so be you ask me where
They do grow, I answer : There
Where my Julia's lips do smile ;
There's the land, or cherry-isle,
Whose plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow.

R. Herrick.

LOVE for such a cherry lip
Would be glad to pawn his arrows ;
Venus here to take a sip
Would sell her doves and team of sparrows.
But they shall not so ;
Hey nonny, nonny no !
None but I this lip must owe ;
Hey nonny, nonny no !

Did Jove see this wanton eye,
Ganymede must wait no longer ;
Phoebe here one night did lie,
Would change her face and look much younger.
But they shall not so ;
Hey nonny, nonny no !
None but I this lip must owe ;
Hey nonny, nonny no !

T. Middleton.

TURN back, you wanton flyer,
And answer my desire
With mutual greeting.
Yet bend a little nearer,—
True beauty still shines clearer
In closer meeting.

Hearts with hearts delighted
Should strive to be united,
Each other's arms with arms enchaining :
Hearts with a thought,
Rosy lips with a kiss still entertaining.

What harvest half so sweet is
As still to reap the kisses
Grown ripe in sowing ?
And straight to be receiver
Of that which thou art giver,
Rich in bestowing ?
There's no strict observing
Of times' or seasons' swerving,
There is ever one fresh spring abiding ;
Then what we sow with our lips
Let us reap, love's gains dividing.

T. Campion.

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from starlike eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires :
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

T. Carew.

SEE the Chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my Lady rideth !
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes, all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty ;
And enamoured, do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth !
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth !
Do but mark, her forehead's smother
Than words that soothe her !

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And from her arched brows such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touched it ?
Have you marked but the fall of the snow
Before the soil hath smutched it ?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver,
Or swan's down ever ?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier
Or the nard in the fire ?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee ?
O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is she !

B. Jonson.

HAST thou seen the down in the air,
When wanton blasts have tossed it ?
Or the ship on the sea,
When ruder winds have crossed it ?
Hast thou marked the crocodiles weeping,
Or the fox's sleeping ?

Or hast thou viewed the peacock in his pride,
Or the dove by his bride,
When he courts for his lechery ?
O so fickle, O so vain, O so false, so false is she !

Sir John Suckling.

HAD we but world enough and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find : I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the flood,
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews ;
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires and more slow ;
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze
Two hundred to adore each breast,
But thirty thousand to the rest ;
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.

For, lady, you deserve this state,
Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I always hear
Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near,
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found,
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song ; then worms shall try
That long-preserved virginity,
And your quaint honour turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust :
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.

Now, therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may,
And now, like amorous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour,
Than languish in his slow-chapt power.
Let us roll all our strength and all
Our sweetness up into one ball,

And tear our pleasures with rough strife,
Thorough the iron gates of life ;
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

A. Marvell.

SWEET western wind, whose luck it is,
Made rival with the air,
To give Perenna's lips a kiss,
And fan her wanton hair :

Bring me but one, I'll promise thee,
Instead of common showers,
Thy wings shall be embalmed by me,
And all beset with flowers.

R. Herrick.

HER hair the net of golden wire,
Wherein my heart, led by my wandering eyes
So fast entangled is that in no wise
It can, nor will, again retire ;
But rather will in that sweet bondage die
Than break one hair to gain her liberty.

Anon.

THOU art not fair, for all thy red and white,
For all those rosy ornaments in thee ;
Thou art not sweet, tho' made of mere delight,
Nor fair, nor sweet—unless thou pity me.
I will not soothe thy fancies : thou shalt prove
That beauty is no beauty without love.

Yet love not me, nor seek thou to allure
My thoughts with beauty, were it more divine ;
Thy smiles and kisses I cannot endure,
I'll not be wrapp'd up in those arms of thine :
Now show it, if thou be a woman right,—
Embrace and kiss and love me in despite.

T. Campion.

MY love in her attire doth show her wit,
It doth so well become her :
For every season she hath dressings fit,
For winter, spring, and summer.
No beauty she doth miss,
When all her robes are on :
But Beauty's self she is,
When all her robes are gone.

Anon.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast ;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed ;
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face
That makes simplicity a grace ;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free :
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all th' adulteries of art ;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

B. Jonson.

WHENAS in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
The liquefaction of her clothes !

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
That brave vibration each way free,
—O how that glittering taketh me !

R. Herrick.

THAT which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind ;
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my Heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer :
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass ! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair !
Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round !

E. Waller.

A SWEET disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness :
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction :
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthrals the crimson stomacher :
A cuff neglectful, and thereby

Ribbons to flow confusedly :
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat :
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility :
Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part.

R. Herrick.

WHEN I behold a forest spread
With silken trees upon thy head,
And when I see that other dress
Of flowers set in comeliness ;
When I behold another grace
In the ascent of curious lace,
Which like a pinnacle doth shew
The top, and the top-gallant too ;
Then, when I see thy tresses bound
Into an oval, square, or round,
And knit in knots far more than I
Can tell by tongue, or true-love tie ;
Next, when those lawny films I see
Play with a wild civility,

And all those airy silks to flow,
Alluring me, and tempting so :
I must confess mine eye and heart
Dotes less on Nature than on Art.

R. Herrick.

IV

A LITTLE GALLERY OF
PORTRAITS

HELEN'S CHEEK, BUT NOT HER HEART;
CLEOPATRA'S MAJESTY;
ATALANTA'S BETTER PART;
SAD LUCRETIA'S MODESTY.

—*As You Like It.*

I SERVE Aminta, whiter than the snow,
Straighter than cedar, brighter than the glass ;
More fine in trip than foot of running roe,
More pleasant than the field of flowering grass ;
More gladsome to my withering joys that fade
Than winter's sun or summer's cooling shade.

Sweeter than swelling grape of ripest wine,
Softer than feathers of the fairest swan ;
Smoother than jet, more stately than the pine,
Fresher than poplar, smaller than my span ;
Clearer than Phœbus' fiery-pointed beam,
Or icy crust of crystal's frozen stream.

Yet is she curster than the bear by kind,
And harder-hearted than the aged oak ;
More glib than oil, more fickle than the wind,
More stiff than steel, no sooner bent but broke.
Lo ! thus my service is a lasting sore,
Yet will I serve, although I die therefore.

A. Munday.

LIKE to the clear in highest sphere
Where all imperial glory shines,
Of selfsame colour is her hair

Whether unfolded or in twines :

Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !

Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Resembling heaven by every wink ;
The gods do fear whenas they glow,
And I do tremble when I think—
Heigh ho, would she were mine !

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
That beautifies Aurora's face,
Or like the silver crimson shroud
That Phœbus' smiling looks doth grace :
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !

Her lips are like two budded roses
Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh,
Within whose bounds she balm encloses
Apt to entice a deity :
Heigh ho, would she were mine !

Her neck is like a stately tower
Where Love himself imprison'd lies,

To watch for glances every hour
From her divine and sacred eyes :
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !
Her paps are centres of delight,
Her breasts are orbs of heavenly frame,
Where Nature moulds the dew of light
To feed perfection with the same :
Heigh ho, would she were mine !

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire blue,
Her body every way is fed,
Yet soft in touch and sweet in view :
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !
Nature herself her shape admires ;
The gods are wounded in her sight ;
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires
And at her eyes his brand doth light :
Heigh ho, would she were mine !

Then muse not, Nymphs, though I bemoan
The absence of fair Rosaline,
Since for a fair there's fairer none,
Nor for her virtues so divine :

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Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !
Heigh ho, my heart ! would God that she were
mine !

T. Lodge.

AH ! were she pitiful as she is fair,
Or but as mild as she is seeming so,
Then were my hopes greater than my despair,
Then all the world were heaven, nothing woe.
Ah ! were her heart relenting as her hand,
That seems to melt even with the mildest touch,
Then knew I where to seat me in a land
Under wide heavens, but yet there is not such.

So as she shows she seems the budding rose,
Yet sweeter far than is an earthly flower ;
Sovran of beauty, like the spray she grows ;
Compassed she is with thorns and cankered flower.
Yet were she willing to be plucked and worn,
She would be gathered, though she grew on thorn.

Ah ! when she sings, all music else be still,
For none must be comparèd to her note ;
Ne'er breathed such glee from Philomela's bill,
Nor from the morning-singer's swelling throat.

•

Ah ! when she riseth from her blissful bed
 She comforts all the world, as doth the sun,
 And at her sight the night's foul vapour's fled ;
 When she is set, the gladsome day is done.
 O glorious sun, imagine me the west,
 Shine in my arms, and set thou in my breast !

R. Greene.

PHILLIS is my only joy,
 Faithless as the winds or seas ;
 Sometimes coming, sometimes coy,
 Yet she never fails to please.
 If with a frown
 I am cast down,
 Phillis smiling
 And beguiling
 Makes me happier than before.

Though, alas, too late I find
 Nothing can her fancy fix,
 Yet the moment she is kind
 I forgive her all her tricks ;
 Which though I see,
 I can't get free ;

She deceiving,

I believing—

What need lovers wish for more ?

Sir Charles Sedley.

WHO is Silvia ? What is she,
That all her swains commend her ?
Holy, fair, and wise is she ;
The heaven such grace did lend her
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair ?
For beauty lives with kindness :
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness ;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling ;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling :
To her let us garlands bring.

W. Shakespeare.

MY sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love,
 And though the sager sort our deeds reprove
 Let us not weigh them. Heaven's great lamps do dive
 Into their west, and straight again revive ;
 But, soon as once set is our little light,
 Then must we sleep one ever-during night.

If all would lead their lives in love like me,
 Then bloody swords and armour should not be ;
 No drum nor trumpet peaceful sleeps should move,
 Unless alarm came from the Camp of Love :
 But fools do live and waste their little light,
 And seek with pain their ever-during night.

When timely death my life and fortunes ends,
 Let not my hearse be vexed with mourning friends ;
 But let all lovers, rich in triumph, come
 And with sweet pastimes grace my happy tomb :
 And, Lesbia, close up thou my little light,
 And crown with love my ever-during night.

T. Campion.

LIKE to Diana in her summer weed,
 Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,
 Goes fair Samela ;

Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,
When washed by Arethusa fount they lie,
Is fair Samela ;

As fair Aurora in her morning-grey,
Decked with the ruddy glister of her love,
Is fair Samela ;

Like lovely Thetis on a calmèd day,
Whenas her brightness Neptune's fancy move,
Shines fair Samela ;

Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy streams,
Her teeth are pearl, the breasts are ivory
Of fair Samela ;

Her cheeks like rose and lily yield forth gleams ;
Her brow's bright arches framed of ebony :
Thus fair Samela

Passeth fair Venus in her bravest hue,
And Juno in the shadow of majesty,
For she's Samela ;

Pallas in wit,—all three, if you will view,
For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity,
Yield to Samela.

R. Greene.

NEAR to the silver Trent
 Sirena dwelleth ;
 She to whom Nature lent
 All that excelleth ;
 By which the Muses late
 And the neat Graces
 Have for their greater state
 Taken their places ;
 Twisting an anadem
 Wherewith to crown her,
 As it belonged to them
 Most to renown her.

On thy bank, .
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

Tagus and Pactolus
 Are to thee debtor,
 Nor for their gold to us
 Are they the better :

Henceforth of all the rest
Be thou the River
Which, as the daintiest,
Puts them down ever.
For as my precious one
O'er thee doth travel,
She to pearl paragon
Turneth thy gravel.
On thy bank, &c.

Our mournful Philomel,
That rarest tuner,
Henceforth in Aperil
Shall wake the sooner,
And to her shall complain
From the thick cover,
Redoubling every strain
Over and over :
For when my Love too long
Her chamber keepeth,
As though it suffered wrong,
The Morning weepeth.
On thy bank, &c.

Oft have I seen the Sun,
To do her honour,

Fix himself at his noon
 To look upon her ;
 And hath gilt every grove,
 Every hill near her,
 With his flames from above
 Striving to cheer her :
 And when she from his sight
 Hath herself turnèd,
 He, as it had been night,
 In clouds hath mournèd.
On thy bank, &c.

The verdant meads are seen,
 When she doth view them,
 In fresh and gallant green
 Straight to renew them ;
 And every little grass
 Broad itself spreadeth,
 Proud that this bonny lass
 Upon it treadeth :
 Nor flower is so sweet
 In this large cincture,
 But it upon her feet
 Leaveth some tincture.
On thy bank, &c.

The fishes in the flood,
When she doth angle,
For the hook strive a-good
Then to entangle ;
And leaping on the land,
From the clear water,
Their scales upon the sand
Lavishly scatter ;
Therewith to pave the mould
Whereon she passes,
So herself to behold
As in her glasses.
On thy bank, &c.

When she looks out by night,
The stars stand gazing,
Like comets to our sight
Fearfully blazing ;
As wond'ring at her eyes
With their much brightness,
Which so amaze the skies,
Dimming their lightness.
The raging tempests are calm
When she speaketh,

Such most delightful balm
 From her lips breaketh.

On thy bank, &c.

In all our Brittany
 There's not a fairer,
 Nor can you fit any
 Should you compare her.
 Angels her eyelids keep,
 All hearts surprising ;
 Which look whilst she doth sleep
 Like the sun's rising :
 She alone of her kind
 Knoweth true measure,
 And her unmatched mind
 Is heaven's treasure.

On thy bank, &c.

Fair Dove and Derwent clear,
 Boast ye your beauties,
 To Trent your mistress here
 Yet pay your duties :
 My Love was higher born
 Tow'rd the full fountains,
 Yet she doth moorland scorn
 And the Peak mountains ;

Nor would she none should dream
Where she abideth,
Humble as is the stream
Which by her slideth.
On thy bank, &c.

Yet my poor rustic Muse
Nothing can move her,
Nor the means I can use
Though her true lover :
Many a long winter's night
Have I waked for her,
Yet this my piteous plight
Nothing can stir her.
All thy sands, silver Trent,
Down to the Humber,
The sighs that I have spent
Never can number.

*On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.*

M. Drayton.

YOU meaner beauties of the night,
 That poorly satisfy our eyes
 More by your number than your light,
 You common people of the skies ;
 What are you when the moon shall rise ?

You curious chanters of the wood,
 That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
 Thinking your passions understood
 By your weak accents ; what's your praise
 When Philomel her voice shall raise ?

You violets that first appear,
 By your pure purple mantles known
 Like the proud virgins of the year,
 As if the spring were all your own ;
 What are you when the rose is blown ?

So, when my mistress shall be seen
 In form and beauty of her mind,
 By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
 Tell me, if she were not designed
 Th' eclipse and glory of her kind.

Sir H. Wotton.

YE little birds that sit and sing
Amidst the shady valleys,
And see how Phyllis sweetly walks
Within her garden-alleys ;
Go pretty birds, about her bower ;
Sing pretty birds, she may not lower ;
Ah, me ! methinks I see her frown !
Ye pretty wantons warble.

Go tell her through your chirping bills,
As you by me are bidden,
To her is only known my love
Which from the world is hidden.
Go pretty birds and tell her so,
See that your notes strain not too low,
For still, methinks, I see her frown ;
Ye pretty wantons warble.

Go tune your voices' harmony
And sing, I am her lover ;
Strain loud and sweet, that every note
With sweet content may move her :
And she that hath the sweetest voice,
Tell her I will not change my choice ;

Yet still, methinks, I see her frown !
 Ye pretty wantons warble.

O fly ! make haste ! see, see, she falls
 Into a pretty slumber !
 Sing round about her rosy bed
 That waking she may wonder :
 Say to her, 'tis her lover true
 That sendeth love to you, to you ;
 And when you hear her kind reply,
 Return with pleasant warblings.
T. Heywood.

I SAW fair Chloris walk alone,
 When feather'd rain came softly down,
 As Jove descending from his tower
 To court her in a silver shower :
 The wanton snow flew to her breast,
 Like pretty birds into their nest,
 But, overcome with whiteness there,
 For grief it thaw'd into a tear :
 Thence falling on her garment's hem,
 To deck her, froze into a gem.

Anon.

ALAS ! my love, you do me wrong
 To cast me off discourteously ;
 And I have loved you so long,
 Delighting in your company.

*Greensleeves was all my joy,
 Greensleeves was my delight,
 Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
 And who but my Lady Greensleeves !*

I have been ready at your hand,
 To grant whatever you would crave ;
 I have both wagèd life and land,
 Your love and goodwill for to have.
Greensleeves was all my joy, &c.

I bought thee kerchers to thy head,
 That were wrought fine and gallantly ;
 I kept thee both at board and bed,
 Which cost my purse well-favouredly.
Greensleeves was all my joy, &c.

I bought thee petticoats of the best,
 The cloth as fine as might be ;

I gave thee jewels for thy chest,
And all this cost I spent on thee.
Greensleeves was all my joy, &c.

Thy smock of silk, both fair and white,
With gold embroidered gorgeously :
Thy petticoat of sendal right :
And these I bought thee gladly.
Greensleeves was all my joy, &c.

Greensleeves now farewell ! adieu !
God I pray to prosper thee !
For I am still thy lover true :
Come once again and love me !
Greensleeves was all my joy, &c.
Anon.

O WHAT a plague is love !
I cannot bear it ;
She will inconstant prove,
I greatly fear it.
It so torments my mind,
That my heart faileth ;
She wavers with the wind
As a ship saileth.

Please her the best I may,
She loves still to gainsay ;
Alack and welladay !
Phillida flouts me.

At the fair, t' other day,
As she passed by me,
She looked another way
And would not spy me.
I wooed her for to dine,
But could not get her ;
Dick had her to the Vine—
He might entreat her.
With Daniel did she dance ;
On me she would not glance.
O thrice unhappy chance !
Phillida flouts me.

Fair maid, be not so coy,
Do not disdain me !
I am my mother's joy ;
Sweet, entertain me !
I shall have, when she dies,
All things that's fitting ;
Her poultry and her bees,

And her goose sitting ;
A pair of mattress-beds,
A barrel full of shreds,
And yet, for all these goods,
 Phillida flouts me.

I often heard her say,
 That she loved posies ;
In the last month of May
 I gave her roses ;
Cowslips and gilly-flowers,
 And the sweet lily,
I got to deck the bowers
 Of my dear Philly :
She did them all disdain,
And threw them back again ;
Therefore, 'tis flat and plain,
 Phillida flouts me.

Thou shalt eat curds and cream
 All the year lasting,
And drink the crystal stream,
 Pleasant in tasting ;
Swig whey until thou burst,
 Eat bramble-berries,

Pie-lid and pastry-crust,
Pears, plums, and cherries ;
Thy garments shall be thin,
Made of a wether's skin :
Yet all's not worth a pin,
Phillida flouts me.

Which way soe'er I go,
She still torments me ;
And whatsoe'er I do,
Nothing contents me ;
I fade and pine away,
With grief and sorrow ;
I fall quite to decay,
Like any shadow :
I shall be dead, I fear,
Within a thousand year,
And all because my dear
Phillida flouts me.

Fair maiden, have a care,
And in time take me ;
I can have those as fair,
If you forsake me :
'There's Doll, the dairy-maid,
Smiled on me lately,

And wanton Winifred
 Favours me greatly :
 One throws milk on my clothes,
 T' other plays with my nose ;
 What pretty toys are those !—
 Phillida flouts me.

She has a cloth of mine,
 Wrought with blue Coventry,
 Which she keeps as a sign
 Of my fidelity ,
 But if she frowns on me,
 She ne'er shall wear it ;
 I'll give it my maid Joan,
 And she shall tear it.
 Since 't will no better be,
 I'll bear it patiently ;
 Yet all the world may see
 Phillida flouts me.

Anon.

GIVE place, you ladies, and begone !
 Boast not yourselves at all !
 For here at hand approacheth one
 Whose face will stain you all.

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The virtue of her lively looks
Excels the precious stone ;
I wish to have none other books
To read or look upon.

In each of her two crystal eyes
Smileth a naked boy ;
It would you all in heart suffice
To see that lamp of joy.

I think Nature hath lost the mould
Where she her shape did take ;
Or else I doubt if Nature could
So fair a creature make.

She may be well compared
Unto the Phœnix kind,
Whose like was never seen or heard
That any man can find.

In life she is Diana chaste,
In truth Penelope ;
In word and eke in deed steadfast.
—What will you more we say ?

If all the world were sought so far,
Who could find such a wight ?
Her beauty twinkleth like a star
Within the frosty night.

Her roseal colour comes and goes
With such a comely grace,
More ruddier, too, than doth the rose,
Within her lively face.

At Bacchus' feast none shall her meet,
Ne at no wanton play,
Nor gazing in an open street,
Nor gadding at a stray.

The modest mirth that she doth use
Is mixed with shamefastness ;
All vice she wholly doth refuse,
And hateth idleness.

O Lord ! it is a world to see
How virtue can repair,
And deck in her such honesty,
Whom Nature made so fair.

Truly she doth so far exceed
Our women nowadays,
As doth the gillyflower a weed ;
And more a thousand ways.

How might I do to get a graff
Of this unspotted tree ?
—For all the rest are plain but chaff,
Which seem good corn to be.

This gift alone I shall her give ;
When death doth what he can,
Her honest fame shall ever live
Within the mouth of man.

J. Heywood.

V

SWEET AND SOUR

O HOW THIS SPRING OF LOVE RESEMBLETH
THE UNCERTAIN GLORY OF AN APRIL DAY,
WHICH NOW SHOWS ALL THE BEAUTY OF THE SUN,
AND BY AND BY A CLOUD TAKES ALL AWAY!

—*The Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

MY dear and only Love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be govern'd by no other sway
Than purest monarchy ;
For if confusion have a part
(Which virtuous souls abhor),
And hold a synod in thine heart,
I'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone ;
My thoughts did ever more disdain
A rival on the throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

And in the empire of thine heart,
Where I should solely be,

If others do pretend a part
Or dare to vie with me,
Or if Committees thou erect,
And go on such a score,
I'll laugh and sing at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt prove faithful then
And constant of thy word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen
And famous by my sword ;
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before ;
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
And love thee more and more.

J. Graham, Marquis of Montrose.

FIRST shall the heavens want starry light,
The seas be robbèd of their waves ;
The day want sun, the sun want bright,
The night want shade and dead men graves,
The April, flowers and leaf and tree,
Before I false my faith to thee.

First shall the tops of highest hills
By humble plains be overpry'd ;
And poets scorn the Muses' quills,
And fish forsake the water-glide ;
And Iris lose her colour'd weed
Before I fail thee at thy need.

First direful Hate shall turn to Peace,
And Love relent in deep disdain ;
And Death his fatal stroke shall cease,
And Envy pity every pain ;
And Pleasure mourn, and Sorrow smile,
Before I talk of any guile.

First Time shall stay his stayless race,
And Winter bless his brows with corn ;
And snow bemoisten July's face,
And Winter spring and summer mourn,
Before my pen by help of Fame
Cease to recite thy sacred name.

T. Lodge.

THERE is a Lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.

Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,
Her wit, her voice my heart beguiles,
Beguiles my heart, I know not why,
And yet I love her till I die.

Cupid is wingèd and doth range,
Her country so my love doth change :
But change she earth, or change she sky,
Yet will I love her till I die.

Anon.

SINCE first I saw your face I resolved to honour
and renown ye ;
If now I am disdained I wish my heart had never
known ye.
What ? I that loved and you that liked, shall we
begin to wrangle ?
No, no, no, my heart is fast, and cannot disentangle.
If I admire or praise you too much, that fault you
may forgive me ;
Or if my hands had strayed but a touch, then justly
might you leave me.
I asked you leave, you bade me love ; is't now a time
to chide me ?

No, no, no, I'll love you still what fortune e'er betide
me.

The sun, whose beams most glorious are, rejecteth no
beholder,

And your sweet beauty past compare made my poor
eyes the bolder :

Where beauty moves and wit delights and signs of
kindness bind me,

There, O there ! where'er I go I'll leave my heart
behind me !

Anon.

MY true-love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one for another given :

I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,

There never was a better bargain driven :

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,

My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides :

He loves my heart, for once it was his own,

I cherish his because in me it bides :

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

Sir P. Sidney.

FAIN would I change that note
To which fond Love hath charm'd me
Long long ago to sing by rote,
Fancying that that harm'd me :
Yet when this thought doth come,
" Love is the perfect sum
Of all delight,"
I have no other choice
Either for pen or voice
To sing or write.

O Love ! they wrong thee much
That say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy rich fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter.
Fair house of joy and bliss,
Where truest pleasure is,
I do adore thee :
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
And fall before thee.

Anon.

AT her fair hands how have I grace entreated
With prayers oft repeated !

Yet still my love is thwarted :

Heart, let her go, for she'll not be converted—

Say, shall she go ?

O no, no, no, no, no !

She is most fair, though she be marble-hearted.

How often have my sighs declared my anguish,
Wherein I daily languish !

Yet still she doth procure it :

Heart, let her go, for I can not endure it—

Say, shall she go ?

O no, no, no, no, no !

She gave the wound, and she alone must cure it.

But shall I still a true affection owe her,

Which prayers, sighs, tears do show ner,

And shall she still disdain me ?

Heart, let her go, if they no grace can gain me—

Say, shall she go ?

O no, no, no, no, no !

She made me hers, and hers she will retain me.

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But if the love that hath and still doth burn me
No love at length return me,
Out of my thoughts I'll set her :
Heart, let her go, O heart I pray thee, let her !

Say, shall she go ?

O no, no, no, no !

Fix'd in the heart, how can the heart forget her.

W. Davison.

HENCE away, you Sirens, leave me,
And unclasp your wanton arms ;
Sugared words shall ne'er deceive me
Though you prove a thousand charms.
Fie, fie, forbear ;
No common snare
Could ever my affection chain ;
Your painted baits
And poor deceits
Are all bestowed on me in vain.

I'm no slave to such as you be ;
Neither shall a snowy breast,
Wanton eye, or lip of ruby
Ever rob me of my rest ;

Go, go, display
Your beauty's ray
To some o'ersoon enamoured swain :
Those common wiles
Of sighs and smiles
Are all bestowed on me in vain.

I have elsewhere vowed a duty ;
Turn away your tempting eyes,
Show not me a naked beauty,
Those impostures I despise ;
My spirit loathes
Where gaudy clothes
And feignèd oaths may love obtain :
I love her so
Whose look swears *no*,
That all your labours will be vain.

Can he prize the tainted posies
Which on every breast are worn,
That may pluck the spotless roses
From their never-touchèd thorn ?
I can go rest
On her sweet breast

THE CAVALIER TO HIS LADY

That is the pride of Cynthia's train ;
Then stay your tongues,
Your mermaid songs
Are all bestowed on me in vain.

He's a fool that basely dallies
Where each peasant mates with him ;
Shall I haunt the throngèd vallies,
Whilst there's noble hills to climb ?
No, no, though clowns
Are scared with frowns,
I know the best can but disdain :
And those I'll prove,
So shall your love
Be all bestowed on me in vain.

Yet I would not deign embraces
With the greatest-fairest she
If another shared those graces
Which had been bestowed on me.
I gave that one
My love, where none
Shall come to rob me of my gain.
Your fickle hearts
Makes tears and arts
And all, bestowed on me in vain.

I do scorn to vow a duty
Where each lustful lad may woo ;
Give me her, whose sun-like beauty
Buzzards dare not soar unto :
 She, she it is
 Affords that bliss,
For which I would refuse no pain ;
 But such as you,
 Fond fools, adieu,
You seek to captive me in vain.

Proud she seemed in the beginning
And disdained my looking on,
But that coy one in the winning,
Proves a true one, being won.
 Whate'er betide
 She'll ne'er divide
The favour she to me shall deign ;
 But your fond love
 Will fickle prove,
And all that trust in you are vain.

Therefore know, when I enjoy one,
And for love employ my breath,

She I court shall be a coy one
Though I win her with my death.
A favour there
Few aim at dare ;
And if, perhaps, some lover plain ;
She is not won
Nor I undone
By placing of my love in vain.

Leave me, then, you Sirens, leave me,
Seek no more to work my harms,
Crafty wiles cannot deceive me,
Who am proof against your charms :
You labour may
To lead astray
The heart that constant shall remain ;
And I the while
Will sit and smile
To see you spend your time in vain.

G. Wither.

IF to be absent were to be
Away from thee ;
Or that when I am gone
You or I were alone ;

Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blustering wind or swallowing wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale
 To swell my sail,
Or pay a tear to 'suage
 The foaming blue-god's rage ;
For whether he will let me pass
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

Though seas and land betwixt us both,
 Our faith and troth,
Like separated souls,
 All time and space controls :
Above the highest sphere we meet
Unseen, unknown, and greet as angels greet.

So then we do anticipate
 Our after-fate,
And are alive i' the skies,
 If thus our lips and eyes
Can speak like spirits unconfined
In Heaven, their earthly bodies left behind.

R. Lovelace.

ABSENCE, hear thou my protestation
Against thy strength,
Distance and length :
Do what thou canst for alteration,
For hearts of truest mettle
Absence doth join and Time doth settle.

Who loves a mistress of such quality,
He soon hath found
Affection's ground
Beyond time, place, and all mortality.
To hearts that cannot vary
Absence is present, Time doth tarry.

My senses want their outward motion
Which now within
Reason doth win,
Redoubled in her secret notion :
Like rich that take pleasure
In hiding more than handling treasure.

By Absence this good means I gain,
That I can catch her
Where none doth watch her,

In some close corner of my brain :

There I embrace and kiss her,
And so I both enjoy and miss her.

J. Donne.

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field ;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore ;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more.

R. Lovelace.

NEVER love unless you can
Bear with all the faults of man !
Men sometimes will jealous be,

Though but little cause they see,
And hang the head as discontent,
And speak what straight they will repent.

Mēn that but one saint adore
Make a show of love to more ;
Beauty must be scorned in none,
Though but truly served in one :
For what is courtship but disguise ?
True hearts may have dissembling eyes.

Men, when their affairs require,
Must awhile themselves retire ;
Sometimes hunt, and sometimes hawk,
And not ever sit and talk :—
If these and such-like you can bear,
Then like, and love, and never fear !
T. Campion.

FOLLOW thy fair sun, unhappy shadow !
Though thou be black as night,
And she made all of light,
Yet follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow !

Follow her, whose light thy light depriveth !
 Though here thou liv'st disgraced,
 And she in heaven is placed,
Yet follow her whose light the world reviveth !

Follow those pure beams, whose beauty burneth !
 That so have scorched thee,
 As thou still black must be,
Till her kind beams thy black to brightness turneth.

Follow her, while yet her glory shineth !
 There comes a luckless night
 That will dim all her light ;
And this the black unhappy shade divineth.

Follow still, since so thy fates ordained !
 The sun must have his shade,
 Till both at once do fade ;
The sun still proved, the shadow still disdained.
T. Campion.

I PRAY thee, leave, love me no more,
 Call home the heart you gave me !
I but in vain that saint adore
 That can, but will not save me.

These poor half-kisses kill me quite—
Was ever man thus servèd ?
Amidst an ocean of delight
For pleasure to be stervèd.

Show me no more those snowy breasts,
With azure riverets branchèd,
Where, whilst mine eye with plenty feasts,
Yet is my thirst not stanchèd ;
O, Tantalus ! thy pains ne'er tell
By me thou art prevented ;
'Tis nothing to be plagued in Hell,
But thus in Heaven tormented !

Clip me no more in those dear arms,
Nor thy life's comfort call me,
O these are but too powerful charms,
And do but more enthrall me !
But see how patient I am grown
In all this coil about thee ;
Come, nice thing, let my heart alone,
I cannot live without thee !

M. Drayton.

DEAR, if you change, I'll never choose again ;
Sweet, if you shrink, I'll never think of love ;
Fair, if you fail, I'll judge all beauty vain ;
Wise, if too weak, more wits I'll never prove.
Dear, sweet, fair, wise ! change, shrink, nor be not
weak ;
And, on my faith, my faith shall never break.

Earth with her flowers shall sooner heaven adorn ;
Heaven her bright stars through earth's dim globe
shall move ;
Fire heat shall lose, and frosts of flames be born ;
Air, made to shine, as black as hell shall prove :
Earth, heaven, fire, air, the world tarnsform'd shall
view,
Ere I prove false to faith or strange to you.

Anon.

SINCE there's no help, come let us kiss and part—
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me ;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,

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And when we meet at any time again,
 Be it not seen in either of our brows
 That we one jot of former love retain.
 Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
 When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
 When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
 And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
 —Now if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
 From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

M. Drayton.

F AINT Amorist, what ! dost thou think
 To taste love's honey, and not drink
 One dram of gall ? or to devour
 A world of sweet and taste no sour ?
 Dost thou ever think to enter
 The Elysian fields, that dar'st not venter
 In Charon's barge ? A lover's mind
 Must use to sail with every wind.
 He that loves, and fears to try,
 Learns his mistress to deny.
 Doth she chide thee ? 'tis to shew it
 That thy coldness makes her do it.
 Is she silent ? is she mute ?

Silence fully grants thy suit.
Doth she pout, and leave the room ?
Then she goes to bid thee come.
Is she sick ? Why then be sure
She invites thee to the cure.
Doth she cross thy suit with No ?
Tush, she loves to hear thee woo.
Doth she call the faith of man
In question ? Nay, she loves thee than :
And if ere she makes a blot,
She's lost if that thou hit'st her not.
He that after ten denials
Dares attempt no further trials,
Hath no warrant to acquire
The dainties of his chaste desire.

Sir P. Sidney.

THE sea hath many thousand sands,
The sun hath motes as many ;
The sky is full of stars, and Love
As full of woes as any :
Believe me, that do know the elf,
And make no trial by thyself.

It is in truth a pretty toy
 For babes to play withal ;
 But O, the honies of your youth
 Are oft our age's gall :
 Self-proof in time will make thee know
 He was a prophet told thee so :

A prophet that, Cassandra-like,
 Tells truth without belief ;
 For headstrong youth will run his race,
 Although his goal be grief :
 Love's martyr, when his heat is past,
 Proves Care's confessor at the last.

Anon.

NEVER more will I protest
 To love a woman but in jest :
 For as they cannot be true,
 So to give each man his due,
 When the wooing fit is past,
 Their affection cannot last,

Therefore if I chance to meet
 With a mistress fair and sweet,
 She my service shall obtain,

Loving her for love again :
Thus much liberty I crave
Not to be a constant slave.

But when we have tried each other,
If she better like another,
Let her quickly change for me ;
Then to change am I as free.
He or she that loves too long
Sell their freedom for a song.

F. Beaumont.

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover ?
Prithee, why so pale ?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail ?
Prithee, why so pale ?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?
Prithee, why so mute ?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do 't ?
Prithee, why so mute ?
Quit, quit for shame ! This will not move ;
This cannot take her.

If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her :
The devil take her !

Sir J. Suckling.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair ?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are ?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May—
If she think not well of me,
What care I how fair she be ?

Shall my silly heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind ?
Or a well disposèd nature
Joinèd with a lovely feature ?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be ?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love ?

Or her well-deservings known
Make me quite forget my own ?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may merit name of best,
 If she be not such to me,
 What care I how good she be ?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die ?
She that bears a noble mind,
If not outward helps she find,
Thinks what with them he would do
Who without them dares her woo ;
 And unless that mind I see,
 What care I how great she be ?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair ;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve ;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go ;
 For if she be not for me,
 What care I for whom she be ?

G. Wither.

OUT upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together !
And am like to love thee more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on 't is, no praise
Is due at all to me :
Love with me had made no stays,
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen dozen in her place.

Sir J. Suckling.

RING out your bells, let mourning shows
be spread ;
For Love is dead.

All Love is dead, infected
With plague of deep disdain :
Worth, as nought worth, rejected,
And Faith, fair scorn doth gain.
From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female franzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us !

Weep, neighbours, weep, do you not hear it said
That Love is dead ?
His death-bed, peacock's folly ;
His winding-sheet is shame ;
His will, false-seeming holy ;
His sole exec'tor, blame.
From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female franzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us !

Let dirge be sung, and trentals rightly read,
For Love is dead.
Sir Wrong his tomb ordaineth,
My mistress' marble heart ;
Which epitaph containeth,

“ Her eyes were once his dart.”
From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female franzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us !

Alas, I lie : rage hath this error bred ;
Love is not dead.

Love is not dead, but sleepeth
In her unmatched mind,
Where she his counsel keepeth,
Till due deserts she find.

Therefore from so vile fancy,
To call such wit a franzy,
Who Love can temper thus,
Good Lord, deliver us !

Sir P. Sidney.

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more ;
Men were deceivers ever ;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,

And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
Of dumps so dull and heavy ;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.

Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

W. Shakspeare.

HHEY nonny no !
Men are fools that wish to die !
Is 't not fine to dance and sing
When the bells of death do ring ?
Is 't not fine to swim in wine,
And turn upon the toe,
And sing hey nonny no !
When the winds blow and the seas flow ?
Hey nonny no !

Anon.

VI
THE SHORT GLORY

DO THOU BUT CLOSE OUR HANDS WITH HOLY WORDS,
THEN LOVE-DEVOURING DEATH DO WHAT HE DARE,
IT IS ENOUGH I MAY BUT CALL HER MINE.

—*Romeo and Juliet.*

FOR her gait, if she be walking ;
 Be she sitting, I desire her
For her state's sake ; and admire her
For her wit if she be talking ;
 Gait and state and wit approve her ;
 For which all and each I love her.

Be she sullen, I commend her
For a modest. Be she merry,
For a kind one her prefer I.
Briefly, everything doth lend her
 So much grace, and so approve her,
 That for everything I love her.

W. Browne.

GOOD folk, for gold or hire,
 But help me to a crier ;
For my poor heart is run astray
After two eyes that passed this way.

O yes, O yes, O yes,

If there be any man
 In town or country can
 Bring me my heart again,
 I'll please him for his pain.
 And by these marks I will you show
 That only I this heart do owe :
 It is a wounded heart,
 Wherein yet sticks the dart ;
 Every piece sore hurt throughout it ;
Faith and *troth* writ round about it.
 It was a tame heart and a dear,
 And never used to roam ;
 But, having got this haunt, I fear
 'Twill hardly stay at home.
 For God's sake, walking by the way,
 If you my heart do see,
 Either impound it for a stray,
 Or send it back to me.

M. Drayton.

MAID, will ye love me, yea or no ?
 Tell me the truth, and let me go.
 It can be no less than a sinful deed,
 Trust me truly,

To linger a lover that looks to speed
In due time duly.

You maids, that think yourselves as fine
As Venus and all the Muses nine,
The Father himself, and He first made Man,
Trust me truly,
Made you for his help, when the world began,
In due time duly.

Then sith God's will was even so,
Why should you disdain your lover tho ?
But rather with a willing heart
Love him truly :
For in so doing you do but your part ;
Let reason rule ye.

Consider, sweet, what sighs and sobs
Do nip my heart with cruel throbs,
And all, my dear, for love of you,
Trust me truly ;
But I hope that you will some mercy show
In due time duly.

Anon.

YOU virgins that did late despair
To keep your wealth from cruel men,
Tie up in silk your careless hair :
Soft peace is come again.

Now lovers' eyes may gently shoot
A flame that will not kill ;
The drum was angry, but the lute
Shall whisper what you will.

Sing Io, Io ! for his sake
That hath restored your drooping heads ;
With choice of sweetest flowers make
A garden where he treads ;

Whilst we whole groves of laurel bring,
A petty triumph for his brow,
Who is the Master of our spring
And all the bloom we owe.

J. Shirley.

LOVE in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet :
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.

Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast ;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest :
Ah ! wanton, will ye ?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string ;
He music plays if so I sing ;
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting :
Whist, wanton, still ye !

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you, when you long to play,
For your offence.
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in ;
I'll make you fast it for your sin ;
I'll count your power not worth a pin.
—Alas ! what hereby shall I win
If he gainsay me ?

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What if I beat the wanton boy
 With many a rod ?
He will repay me with annoy,
 Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee ;
And let thy bower my bosom be ;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee ;
O Cupid, so thou pity me,
 Spare not, but play thee !

T. Lodge.

GO, lovely Rose—
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

 Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
 That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

 Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired :

Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die—that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee ;
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair !

E. Waller.

LOVE wing'd my Hopes and taught me how to fly
Far from base earth, but not to mount too high :
For true pleasure
Lives in measure,
Which if men forsake,
Blinded they into folly run and grief for pleasure take.

But my vain Hopes, proud of their new-taught flight,
Enamour'd sought to woo the sun's fair light,
Whose rich brightness
Moved their lightness
To aspire so high
That, all scorch'd and consumed with fire, now
drowned in woe they lie.

And none but Love their woful hap did rue,
 For Love did know that their desires were true ;

Though fate frownèd,

And now drownèd

They in sorrow dwell,

It was the purest light of heaven for whose fair love
 they fell.

Anon.

DEAREST, do not you delay me,
 Since, thou knowest, I must be gone ;
 Wind and tide, 'tis thought, doth stay me,
 But 'tis wind that must be blown
 From that breath, whose native smell
 Indian odours far excel.

Oh, then speak, thou fairest fair !
 Kill not him that vows to serve thee ;
 But perfume this neighbouring air,
 Else dull silence, sure, will sterve me :
 'Tis a word that's quickly spoken,
 Which being restrained, a heart is broken.

J. Fletcher.

FOLLOW a shadow, it still flies you,
Seem to fly it, it will pursue ;
So court a mistress, she denies you,
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say, are not women truly then
Styled but the shadows of us men ?

At morn and even, shades are longest ;
At noon, they are short or none ;
So men at weakest, they are strongest,
But grant us perfect, they're not known.
Say, are not women truly then
Styled but the shadows of us men ?

B. Jonson.

BID me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be ;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay
 To honour thy decree :
 Or bid it languish quite away,
 And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep
 While I have eyes to see :
 And, having none, yet will I keep
 A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair
 Under that cypress-tree :
 Or bid me die, and I will dare
 E'en death to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
 The very eyes of me :
 And hast command of every part
 To live and die for thee.

R. Herrick.

WHEN, dearest, I but think of thee,
 Methinks all things that lovely be
 Are present and my soul delighted :

For beauties that from worth arise
Are like the grace of deities,
Still present with us, tho' unsighted.

Thus while I sit and sigh the day
With all his borrowed lights away,
Till night's black wings do overtake me,
Thinking on thee, thy beauties then,
As sudden lights do sleepy men,
So they by their bright rays awake me.

Thus absence dies, and dying proves
No absence can subsist with loves
That do partake of fair perfection :
Since in the darkest night they may
By love's quick motion find a way
To see each other by reflection.

The waving sea can with each flood
Bathe some high promont that hath stood
Far from the main up in the river :
O think not then but love can do
As much ! for that's an ocean too,
Which flows not every day, but ever !

Sir J. Suckling.

LOVE me or not, love her I must or die ;
Leave me or not, follow her needs must I.
O that her grace would my wished comforts give !
How rich in her, how happy should I live !

All my desire, all my delight should be
Her to enjoy, her to unite to me ;
Envy should cease, her would I love alone :
Who loves by looks is seldom true to one.

Could I enchant, and that it lawful were,
Her would I charm softly that none should hear ;
But love enforced rarely yields firm content :
So would I love that neither should repent.

T. Campion.

WHEN Love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates ;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fetter'd to her eye,

The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames ;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free—
Fishes that tinkle in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my King ;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlargèd winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage ;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage ;

If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

R. Lovelace.

TURN all thy thoughts to eyes,
Turn all thy hairs to ears,
Change all thy friends to spies
And all thy joys to fears :
True love will yet be free
In spite of jealousy.

Turn darkness into day,
Conjectures into truth,
Believe what th' envious say,
Let age interpret youth :
True love will yet be free
In spite of jealousy.

Wrest every word and look,
Rack every hidden thought,
Or fish with golden hook ;

True love cannot be caught :
For that will still be free
In spite of jealousy.

T. Campion.

LIVE with me still, and all the measures
Played to by spheres I'll teach thee ;
Let's but thus dally, all the pleasures
The moon beholds, her man shall reach thee.

Dwell in mine arms, aloft we'll hover,
And see fields of armies fighting :
O part not from me ! I'll discover
There all the books of fancy's writing.

Be but my darling, age to free thee
From her curse, shall fall a-dying ;
Call me thy empress, Time to see thee
Shall forget his art of flying.

T. Dekker.

I LONG to talk with some old lover's ghost,
Who died before the god of love was born :
I cannot think that he, who then loved most,
Sunk so low as to love one which did scorn.

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But since this god produced a destiny,
And that vice-nature, custom, lets it be,
I must love her that loves not me.

Sure they which made him god meant not so much,
Nor he in his young godhead practised it ;
But when an even flame two hearts did touch,
His office was indulgently to fit
Actives to passives ; correspondency
Only his subject was ; it cannot be
Love, till I love her who loves me.

But every modern god will now extend
His vast prerogative as far as Jove ;
To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend ;
All is the purlieu of the god of love.
O were we wakened by this tyranny
To ungod this child again, it could not be
I should love her that loves not me.

Rebel and atheist too, why murmur I,
As though I felt the worst that love could do ?
Love may make me leave loving, or might try
A deeper plague, to make her love me too,

Which, since she loves before, I am loath to see ;
Falsehood is worse than hate ; and that must be,
If she whom I love should love me.

J. Donne.

PEACE and silence be the guide
To the man and to the bride !
If there be a joy yet new
In marriage, let it fall on you,
That all the world may wonder !
If we should stay, we should do worse,
And turn our blessing to a curse
By keeping you asunder.

F. Beaumont.

COME, come, dear Night, Love's mart of kisses,
Sweet close of his ambitious line,
The fruitful summer of his blisses,
Love's glory doth in darkness shine.
O come, soft rest of cares ! come, Night !
Come, naked Virtue's only tire,
The reaped harvest of the light
Bound up in sheaves of sacred fire.
Love calls to war ;
Sighs his alarms,

Lips his swords are,
The field his arms.

Come, Night, and lay thy velvet hand
On glorious Day's outfacing face ;
And all thy crownèd flames command
For torches to our nuptial grace.

Love calls to war ;
Sighs his alarms,
Lips his swords are,
The field his arms.

No need have we of factious Day,
To cast, in envy of thy peace,
Her balls of discord in thy way ;
Here Beauty's day doth never cease ;
Day is abstracted here,
And varied in a triple sphere,
Hero, Alcmane, Myra, so outshine thee,
Ere thou come here, let Thetis thrice refine thee.

Love calls to war ;
Sighs his alarms,
Lips his swords are,
The field his arms.

G. Chapman.

UP! youths and virgins! up, and praise
The God whose nights outshine his days!
Hymen, whose hallowed rites
Could never boast of brighter lights;
Whose bands pass liberty.
Two of your troop, that with the morn were free,
Are now waged to his war;
And what they are,
If you'll perfection see,
Yourselves must be.
Shine, Hesperus! shine forth, thou wishèd star!

What joys or honours can compare
With holy nuptials, when they are
Made out of equal parts
Of years, of states, of hands, of hearts;
When in the happy choice
The spouse and spoused have foremost voice!
Such, glad of Hymen's war,
Live what they are
And long perfection see:
And such ours be.
Shine, Hesperus! shine forth, thou wishèd star!

The solemn state of this one night
Were fit to last an age's light ;
But there are rites behind
Have less of state and more of kind :
Love's wealthy crop of kisses,
And fruitful harvest of his mother's blisses.
Sound then to Hymen's war !
That what these are,
Who will perfection see
May haste to be.
Shine, Hesperus ! shine forth, thou wishèd star !

Love's Commonwealth consists of toys ;
His Council are those antic boys,
Games, Laughter, Sports, Delights,
That triumph with him on these nights :
To whom we must give way,
For now their reign begins, and lasts till day.
They sweeten Hymen's war,
And in that jar
Make all, that married be,
Perfection see.
Shine, Hesperus ! shine forth, thou wishèd star !

Why stays the bridegroom to invade
Her that would be a matron made ?

Good-night ! whilst yet we may

Good-night to you a virgin say.

To-morrow rise the same

Your mother is, and use a nobler name !

Speed well in Hymen's war,

That what you are,

By your perfection, we

And all may see !

Shine, Hesperus ! shine forth, thou wishèd star !

To-night is Venus' vigil kept,

This night no bridegroom ever slept ;

And if the fair bride do,

The married say 'tis his fault too.

Wake then, and let your lights

Wake too, for they'll tell nothing of your nights,

But that in Hymen's war

You perfect are ;

And such perfection we

Do pray should be.

Shine, Hesperus ! shine forth, thou wishèd star !

That, ere the rosy fingered Morn

Behold nine moons, there may be born

A babe to uphold the fame

Of Radcliffe's blood and Ramsay's name ;

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That may, in his great seed,
Wear the long honours of his father's deed.
Such fruits of Hymen's war
Most perfect are ;
And all perfection we
Wish you should see.
Shine, Hesperus ! shine forth, thou wishèd star !
B. Jonson.

LET Mother Earth now deck herself in flowers,
To see her offspring seek a good increase,
Where justest love doth vanquish Cupid's powers,
And war of thoughts is swallowed up in peace,
Which never may decrease,
But, like the turtles fair,
Live one in two, a well-united pair :
Which that no chance may stain,
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain !

O Heaven, awake, show forth thy stately face ;
Let not these slumbering clouds thy beauties hide,
But with thy cheerful presence help to grace
The honest bridegroom and the bashful bride ;
Whose loves may ever bide,

Like to the elm and vine,
With mutual embracements them to twine :
In which delightful pain,
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain !

Ye Muses all, which chaste affects allow
And have to Thyrsis shewed your secret skill,
To this chaste love your sacred favours bow ;
And so to him and her your gifts distill
That they all vice may kill,
And, like to lilies pure,
May please all eyes, and spotless may endure :
Where that all bliss may reign,
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain !

Ye Nymphs which in the waters empire have !
Since Thyrsis' music oft doth yield you praise,
Grant to the thing which we for Thyrsis crave :
Let one time—but long first—close up their days,
One grave their bodies seize ;
And, like two rivers sweet
When they though divers do together meet,
One stream both streams contain !
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain !

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Pan ! father Pan, the god of silly sheep !
 Whose care is cause that they in number grow,—
 Have much more care of them that them do keep,
 Since from these good the others' good doth flow ;
 And make their issue show
 In number like the herd
 Of younglings which thyself with love hast reared,
 Or like the drops of rain !
 O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain !

Virtue, if not a God, yet God's chief part,
 Be thou the knot of this their open vow :
 That still he be her head, she be his heart ;
 He lean to her, she unto him do bow ;
 Each other still allow,
 Like oak and mistletoe ;
 Her strength from him, his praise from her do grow ;
 In which most lovely train,
 O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain !

But thou, foul Cupid, sire to lawless lust,
 Be thou far hence with thy empoisoned dart,
 Which, though of glittering gold, shall here take rust,
 Where simple love, which chasteness doth impart,
 Avoids thy hurtful art,

Not needing charming skill
Such minds with sweet affections for to fill :
Which being pure and plain,
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain !

All churlish words, shrewd answers, crabbèd looks,
All privateness, self-seeking, inward spite,
All waywardness which nothing kindly brooks,
All strife for toys and claiming master's right,—
Be hence aye put to flight ;
All stirring husband's hate
'Gainst neighbours good for womanish debate
Be fled, as things most vain !
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain !

But above all, away vile jealousy,
The evil of evils, just cause to be unjust !
How can he love, suspecting treachery ?
How can she love, where love cannot win trust ?
Go, snake, hide thee in dust ;
Nor dare once show thy face
Where open hearts do hold so constant place
That they thy sting restrain !
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain !

176 THE CAVALIER TO HIS LADY

The Earth is decked with flowers the Heavens displayed ;

Muses grant gifts, Nymphs long and joinèd life ;

Pan, store of babes, virtue their thoughts well stayed ;

Cupid's lust gone, and gone is bitter strife.

Happy man ! happy wife !

No pride shall them oppress,

Nor yet shall yield to loathsome sluttishness ;

And jealousy is slain,

For Hymen will their coupled joys maintain !

Sir P. Sidney.

STAY, O sweet, and do not rise !

The light that shines comes from thine eyes ;

The day breaks not : it is my heart,

Because that you and I must part.

Stay ! or else my joys will die,

And perish in their infancy.

'Tis true, 'tis day : what though it be ?

O, wilt thou therefore rise from me ?

Why should we rise because 'tis light ?

Did we lie down because 'twas night ?

Love, which in spite of darkness brought us hither,

Should in despite of light keep us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye.
If it could speak as well as spy,
This were the worst that it could say :—
That, being well, I fain would stay,
And that I lov'd my heart and honour so,
That I would not from him, that had them, go.

Must business thee from hence remove ?
Oh, that's the worse disease of love !
The poor, the fool, the false, love can
Admit, but not the busied man.
He, which hath business, and makes love, doth do
Such wrong, as when a married man doth woo.

J. Donne.

O FOR some honest lover's ghost,
Some kind unbodied post
Sent from shades below !
I strangely long to know
Whether the noble chaplets wear
Those that their mistress' scorn did bear
Or those that were used kindly.

For whatsoe'er they tell us here
To make those sufferings dear,
 'Twill there, I fear, be found
 That to the being crown'd
T' have loved alone will not suffice,
Unless we also have been wise
 And have our loves enjoy'd.

What posture can we think him in
That, here unloved, again
 Departs, and 's thither gone
 Where each sits by his own?
Or how can that Elysium be
Where I my mistress still must see
 Circled in other's arms?

For there the judges all are just,
And Sophonisba must
 Be his whom she held dear,
 Not his who loved her here.
The sweet Philoclea, since she died,
Lies by her Pirocles his side,
 Not by Amphialus.

Some bays, perchance, or myrtle bough
For difference crowns the brow
Of those kind souls that were
The noble martyrs here :
And if that be the only odds
(As who can tell ?), ye kinder gods,
Give me the woman here !

Sir J. Suckling.

BEAUTY, sweet Love, is like the morning dew,
Whose short refresh upon the tender green
Cheers for a time, but till the sun doth shew,
And straight 'tis gone as it had never been.
Soon doth it fade that makes the fairest flourish,
Short is the glory of the blushing rose ;
The hue which thou so carefully dost nourish,
Yet which at length thou must be forced to lose.
When thou, surcharged with burthen of thy years,
Shalt bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth,
And that, in Beauty's Lease expired, appears
The Date of Age, the Kalends of our Death—
But ah ! no more !—this must not be foretold,
For women grieve to think they must be old.

S. Daniel.

WHEN thou must home to shades of underground,

And there arrived, a new admirèd guest,
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,

White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest,
To hear the stories of thy finish'd love
From that smooth tongue whose music hell can move ;

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
Of masques and revels which sweet youth did make,
Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,

And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake :
When thou hast told these honours done to thee,
Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder me !

T. Campion.

[*To Queen Elizabeth*]

HIS golden locks Time hath to silver turn'd ;
O Time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing !
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurn'd,
But spurn'd in vain ; youth waneth by increasing :
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen ;
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees ;
And, lovers' sonnets turn'd to holy psalms,
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are Age his alms :
But though from court to cottage he depart,
His Saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
He'll teach his swains this carol for a song,—
“Blest be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,
Curst be the souls that think her any wrong.”
Goddess, allow this agèd man his right
To be your beadsman now that was your knight.

G. Peele.

. . . BUT THESE ARE ALL LIES: MEN HAVE DIED FROM
TIME TO TIME AND WORMS HAVE EATEN THEM, BUT NOT FOR
LOVE.

. . . LOVERS ARE GIVEN TO POETRY, AND WHAT THEY
SWEAR IN POETRY MAY BE SAID AS LOVERS THEY DO FEIGN,

—*As You Like It.*

NOTES

p. 3. From *The Captain* (mainly by John Fletcher), produced in 1613, published 1647.

p. 4. From *The Old Wives' Tale*, published 1595.

p. 4. Also from *The Captain*; but the first two verses, slightly altered, appear also in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*.

p. 5. From *The Inner Temple Masque*, 1614.

p. 6. From *The Phanix Nest*, 1593; there is also a copy in Harl. MS. 6910. In *England's Helicon* it appears as "The Shepherd's Description of his Love," a dialogue between Melibæus and Faustus, beginning

"Shepherd, what's love, I pray thee tell?"

It is signed "S. W. R." (Sir Walter Raleigh) in the 1600 edition, but the initials were afterwards covered with a slip bearing the word "Ignoto." Davison's MS. list ascribes the poem to "Sir W. Rawley." It is found also in Jones' *Second Book*, 1601, and in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1609 *Sauncing-bell*, saints' bell; *sain*, said.

p. 8. From *Hymen's Triumph*, 1613-4.

p. 8. Sir Charles Sedley's poem is here printed from Bullen's *Musa Proterva*, where he remarks that Sedley "does not occupy an exalted place in English literature; but his seat is secure."

p. 10. From *Abdelazar, or the Moor's Revenge*, 1671.

p. 11. From John Dowland's *Third and last Book of Songs and Airs*, 1603. The words also appear in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*, where they are subscribed "Incerto." A copy in Rawlinson MS. 148 is signed with Sir Edward Dyer's name. There is also an "Answer" in the *Poetical Rhapsody*, and another in Harl. MS. 6910; and the "Answer" is attributed to "A. W." in Davison's MS. Catalogue.

p. 11. From *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, published 1600.

p. 12. From *The Winter's Tale*, acted 1611.

p. 13. From *Scylla's Metamorphosis*, 1589. The poem, like so many of Lodge's, is imitated from Desportes. *Teen*, grief.

p. 14. From *England's Helicon*, 1600, signed "Shepherd Tony," whose identity with Anthony Munday is now generally allowed.

p. 15. From *Delia*, 1592.

p. 16. From *Twelfth Night*, c. 1601. *Sweet-and-twenty* does not mean "sweet and twenty years of age," but simply "twenty times sweet."

p. 16. From *The Famous, True, and Historical Life of Robert, second Duke of Normandy*, 1591.

p. 18. Printed in *Wits Recreations*, 1654. See note in A. W. Pollard's edition of Herrick (*Muses' Library*), i. 279.

p. 18. From *The Old Couple*, 1658.

p. 19. From *Love's Labour's Lost*, 1598, and *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599. Also in *England's Helicon*, 1600.

p. 20. From *The Rape of Lucrece*, 1608.

p. 21. From Davenant's *Poems*, 1673.

p. 21. From *Cymbeline*, 1609. *Bin*, 18.

p. 22. From Drummond's *Poems*, printed complete for the Maitland Club in 1832. See W. C. Ward's edition of Drummond in *The Muses' Library*, i. 70, and notes. *Carriere*, course.

p. 27. From *Hesperides*, No. 178.

p. 30. First printed in the *Entertainment at Elwetham*, 1591, as "the Ploughman's Song;" then in *England's Helicon* as "Phillida and Corydon."

p. 31. From *Poems in Divers Humours*, 1598, as adapted by the editor of *England's Helicon* (see Bullen's edition, p. xx.), where it is subscribed "Ignoto." Barnfield's original verses were printed by William Jaggard for the *Sonnets* attached to Shakespeare's *Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599.

p. 32. Quoted in Walton's *Compleat Angler*. There are also MS. texts. "My friend" (l. 7) is supposed to be Walton.

p. 33. Another of "Shepherd Tony's" poems, from *England's Helicon*; see p. 14 and note.

p. 37. From William Byrd's *Songs of Sundry Natures*, 1589; afterwards as "Philon the Shepherd his Song," in *England's Helicon*.

p. 38. From Thomas Morley's *Madrigals*, 1600.

p. 39. A shortened form of "The Passionate Shepherd

to his Love" first appeared in *The Passionate Pilgrim* (and was thereby silently ascribed to Shakespeare). In the next year, 1600, it appeared (together with our next poem, "The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd") in *England's Helicon*, signed "Chr. Marlowe." For variations in the texts, see Bullen's *Marlowe*, iii. 283-4.

p. 40. See previous note; also note on "Now what is love" (p. 6). The original signature, "S. W. R.," has in this case, too, been covered over with an "Ignoto" slip. The poem is ascribed by Walton to Raleigh.

p. 41. From *The Mourning Garment*, 1590. *Sithe* (p. 43), time.

p. 43. From the Cosens MS., as printed by Grosart in his edition of Breton.

p. 45. From *Rosalind*, 1590. *Smicker*, gay; *slither*, supple; *gars* (p. 46), makes, causes.

p. 47. From *As You Like It*, written before 1600.

p. 48. This "Pastoral of Phyllis and Corydon" was printed in *England's Helicon* under that title from Breton's *Arbour of Amorous Devices*, 1597. There is a copy in the Cosens MS., printed by Grosart, with an additional stanza at the end.

p. 49. From John Attye's *First Book of Airs*, 1622. Mr. Bullen has pointed out that it is a rendering of a poem by Pierre Guedron.

p. 50. From Campion's *Third Book of Airs*, 1617.

p. 51. From *Astrophel and Stella*, 1591. It is also the opening poem in *England's Helicon*, "The Shepherd to his Chosen Nymph."

p. 54. From Campion and Rosseter's *A Book of Airs*, 1601; *Works of Thomas Campion*, ed. Bullen (1903), p. 20. The poem had been printed previously in *Poems of Sundrie other Noblemen and Gentlemen* attached to the 1591 edition of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*. (Bullen, Introduction, p. xi.)

p. 55. "A Sonnet upon a Stolen Kiss" is No. 8 of *A Miscellany of Epigrams*, at the end of Wither's *Fair Virtue*. See my edition (1902), ii. 182.

p. 56. First printed at the end of the 1598 edition of *Astrophel and Stella*.

p. 58. From Martin Peerson's *Private Music*, 1620.

p. 61. From Carew's *Poems*, 1640. This lyric was frequently parodied and imitated.

p. 62. From *The Poetaster*, written 1601.

p. 63. From *The Delights of the Muses*, 1646.

p. 68. From *The Elder Brother*, 1637. See W. W. Greg's notes in the Variorum edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, ii. 57.

p. 69. Sonnet ix. in Constable's *Diana*, 1584.

p. 70. From *Gastara*.

p. 71. From *The Forest*, 1616.

p. 72. From Oxford Music School MS., f. 575. See my remarks in the Preface to this book.

p. 72. From *Perimedes the Blacksmith*, 1588.

p. 73. From *Women Pleased*, produced about 1620, published 1647.

p. 73. From John Dowland's *Second Book of Songs or Airs*,

1600; "perhaps the finest of all the poems in his collection. Hardly Campion, in his most exalted mood, could have risen to this height. I suspect that they are by one of those amateurs who sometimes attained, seemingly without effort, a faultless utterance." (Bullen, Introduction to *Shorter Elizabethan Poems*, 1903.)

p. 74. From John Wilbye's *Madrigals*, 1598; a paraphrase of Celiano's madrigal "Quand' io miro le rose," also rendered by Lodge in *William Longbeard*, 1593.

p. 75. From *Cynthia's Revels*, published 1601.

p. 75. From *Phyllis*, 1593.

p. 76. No. 53 of *Hesperides*, 1648.

p. 77. From *Blurt, Master Constable*, published 1602. *Phæbe here one night aid lie* = "did Phæbe lie here," &c., the sentence being conditional.

p. 77. No. VII. of Campion and Rosseter's *Book of Airs*, 1601. *Half so sweet is*: I have suggested "half such bliss is" (to rime with the next line) to Mr. Bullen, without convincing him.

p. 78. Printed with music in Porter's *Madrigals and Airs*, 1632; also in Carew's *Poems*, 1640.

p. 79. From *Underwoods*; also, without the first stanza, in *The Devil is an Ass*, acted 1616, printed 1631.

p. 80. From *The Sad One*, 1646.

p. 81. From *Miscellaneous Poems*, published by Marvell's widow, 1680-1; here printed from G. A. Aiken's edition (Muses' Library), *Poems*, p. 56; *slow-chapt* (p. 82), with slow jaws.

- p. 83. No. 255 of *Hesperides*, 1648.
- p. 83. From Thomas Bateson's *Second Set of Madrigals*, 1618.
- p. 84. No. XII. in Campion and Rosseter's *Book of Airs*, 1601. See note in Bullen's edition (1903), pp. 281-2.
- p. 84. From Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*, 1602.
- p. 85. From *Epicoene, or The Silent Woman*, written c. 1609.
- p. 85. No. 779 of *Hesperides*, 1648.
- p. 86. "On a Girdle," from Waller's *Poems*, 1645.
- p. 86. No. 83 of *Hesperides*, 1648.
- p. 87. No. 562 of *Hesperides*, 1648.
- p. 91. "Montana the Shepherd his Love to Aminta," from *England's Helicon*, 1600. First printed in Munday's *Two Italian Gentlemen* (1584): there is also a copy in Harl. MS. 6910.
- p. 92. From *Rosalind*, 1590.
- p. 94. From the 1694 edition of *Pandosto*. Not found in the early editions.
- p. 95. Printed from Bullen's *Musa Proterva*, 1902.
- p. 96. From *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, c. 1591.
- p. 97. The first poem in Campion's *Book of Airs*, 1601; rendered from Catullus.
- p. 97. "Doron's Description of Samela," from *Menaphon*, 1589.
- p. 99. From *Poems Lyric and Pastoral*, 1605.
- p. 105. From Michael Este's *Sixt Set of Books*, 1624: constantly reprinted and copied in MSS.

p. 106. From *The Fair Maid of the Exchange*, 1607.

p. 107. From Ashmolean MS. 48; printed in *Wits Recreation*, 1645.

p. 108. Certain stanzas from the famous song of *Green-sleeves*, as printed by Chappell, *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, 230-1. "A new Northern Ditty of Lady Greene Sleeves" was licensed in the Registers of the Stationers' Company, September, 1580, to Richard Jones, who was the printer of *A Handefull of Pleasant Delites*, 1584, where the poem is also found.

p. 109. From Chappell, pp. 183-4: where he presumably copies the broadsheet in the Roxburghe Collection, ii. 142. Ritson prints a later copy, with the stanzas in a different order, in his *Ancient Songs*. The poem is at least as old as 1612.

p. 113. From *Tottel's Miscellany*, 1557. Ascribed to John Heywood in the Harl. MSS.

p. 119. This poem appears on many seventeenth-century broadsides, usually under the title of "Montrose's Lines, or, I'll never love thee more." A selection of Montrose's Poems was edited by R. S. Rait in 1901.

p. 120. From *Rosalind*, 1690; imitated from Desportes.

p. 121. From Thomas Ford's *Music of Sundry Kinds*, 1607; subsequently printed in *The Golden Garland of Princely Delights*, 1620, and other collections.

p. 122. From the same, and likewise reprinted in anthologies of the day.

p. 123. From Puttenham's *Art of English Poetry*, 1589. Recast into sonnet form, with six lines added, Sidney included it in his *Arcadia*, 1590.

p. 124. From Captain Tobias Hume's *The First Part of Airs*, 1605.

p. 125. First in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*, 1602; here from Robert Jones' *Ultimum Vale*, 1608. Mr. Bullen says "it belongs to Walter Davison, younger brother of Francis."

p. 126. From *Fair Virtue*, 1622, where it is incorporated with other songs of Wither's. The poem, in an inferior form and addressed to "thou Siren," was first printed at the end of the 1619 edition of *Fidelia*.

p. 130. From *Lucasta*, 1649.

p. 132. From Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*, 1602, where it is unsigned; also in other collections and several MSS. See E. K. Chambers' edition of Donne (Muses' Library), ii, 249 and 275; he hesitates to assign it definitely to Donne, though pointing out that "the style, rhythm, and thought are, however, all markedly Donne's."

p. 133. From *Lucasta*, 1649.

p. 133. No. xxvii. in Campion's *Third Book of Airs*, c. 1617.

p. 134. From Campion and Rosseter's *Book of Airs*, 1601; *proved* (in the last line of the poem) may mean "approved;" or it may perhaps be a misprint for "proud."

p. 135. From *Poems*, 1619. Drayton was constantly revising his work.

p. 137. From John Dowland's *First Book of Songs or Airs*, 1597.

p. 137. From *Idea*; but not in the early editions, first appearing as Sonnet LXI. in the 1619 *Works*.

p. 138. Printed by Grosart from "MS. Cottoni Posthuma."

p. 139. No. x. of *The Muses Gardin for Delights* of Robert Jones, 1610; a book of which no copy was known when Mr. Bullen published his *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song Books*. Mr. Barclay Squire, however, discovered one at Bridge-water House, and printed it first at Rev. C. H. Daniel's private press at Oxford, 1901; 350 copies were also issued by Mr. Blackwell of Oxford in the same year.

p. 140. From Beaumont's *Poems*, 1640.

p. 141. From *Aglaura*, 1638.

p. 142. "The Author's Resolution in a Sonnet," from *Fidelia*, 1615; varied later in the 1619, 1620 editions, and again in *Fair Virtue*, 1622. See my edition of Wither, i. 138, ii. 124, and notes.

p. 144. Attributed to Suckling on internal evidence.

p. 144. From *Certain Sonnets*, *The Arcadia*, 1598. *Trentals* (p. 145), masses lasting thirty days.

p. 146. From *Much Ado about Nothing*.

p. 147. Discovered in Christ Church (Oxford) MS., I. S. 49, by Mr. Bullen, who was the first to print it. "The odd little snatch," he says, "almost takes one's breath away by the vehemence of its rapture."

p. 151. From the Muses' Library edition of Browne, edited by Gordon Goodwin, printed for the first time from the Salisbury Cathedral MS.

p. 151. From the *Poems*, 1619. *Owe* (p. 152) = own.

p. 152. From Clement Robinson's *A Handful of Pleasant Delights*, 1584. The book was licensed for publication in 1566, but no copy is known.

p. 154. From *The Imposture*, licensed for the stage in 1640, printed 1652.

p. 154. From *Rosalind*, 1590.

p. 156. From *Wits Recreations*, 1640; afterwards in Waller's *Poems*, 1645.

p. 157. From Robert Jones' *Second Book of Songs and Airs*, 1601.

p. 158. From *The Spanish Curate*, acted in 1622, published in 1647; but the song was not included till the 1679 folio edition.

p. 159. From *The Forest*.

p. 159. "To Anthea, who may command him anything;" No. 267 in *Hesperides*, 1648.

p. 160. From *Fragmenta Aurea*, 1646.

p. 162. No. x. of Campion's *Fourth Book of Airs*, c. 1617; one of Campion's many successful experiments in metre (choriambic).

p. 162. From *Lucasta*, 1649. Constantly reprinted, with several corruptions of the text.

p. 164. From Campion's *Fourth Book of Airs*, c. 1617.

p. 165. From Ford and Dekker's *The Sun's Darling*, licensed for acting in 1623-4, published 1656. "The songs are doubtless by Dekker" (Bullen).

p. 165. From *Poems*, 1633; the lines were altered in later

editions; see collation in Muses' Library edition by E. K. Chambers, i. 56 (misreferenced 49 in Index).

p. 167. From *The Masque of the Inner Temple*, 1612-3.

p. 167. From Chapman's Fifth Sestiad of *Hero and Leander* (the first two sestiads by Marlowe).

p. 169. From the Masque performed at the marriage of Lord Ramsay with Lady Elizabeth Radcliffe, 1608.

p. 172. From *Arcadia*, 1598.

p. 176. Originally, it would appear, this lyric was composed of two poems, the first stanza, which is of a different metre from the rest, appearing independently elsewhere. See E. K. Chambers' note in the Muses' Library edition of Donne, i. 224.

p. 177. From *Fragmenta Aurea*, 1646.

p. 179. From *Delia*, 1592; variations introduced in the 1594 edition.

p. 180. No. xx. in Campion's *A Book of Airs*, 1601. Mr. Bullen points out that the reference to *lope* is taken from Propertius, ii. 28.

p. 181. From *Polyhymnia*, 1590. "There seems to be absolutely no reason for seeking to deprive George Peele of the authorship" (Bullen).

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